

CHUNKLET

11



CHUNKLET 11

Summer/Fall 1996

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Long time readers will be happy to know that apart from this mention, there are two references to Man or Astroman? in this entire issue. And that's that! Georgia peach sized thanks to: Lisa, Jezz, Ted, Chris, Brian, Ashley, Bel Jean, Kip and Bruce, Mom, Kathy, Caroline, Hoyt, my first niece ever Mary Elizabeth, the bands, the labels, the distributors, you, etc., etc.

A noble spirit embiggens the smallest man

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I've been trying to decide which path to take for the introduction to this doozie of an issue. You see, on one hand you've got your light and fluffy intro which always is a crowd pleaser, or the real heavy one on the other which everybody seems to blow off. And seeing as how my life has been one big train wreck recently, things have just not been coming out light and fluffy. I can tell that you all really care. Thanks for the concern. Anyway, I've tried to do this intro three times now and each time I finish, read over what I've written and then it bums me out. So instead of the heavy, bummed oriented intro, I thought I'd go with the light, happy and peppy intro. All of the research has shown that's what you want. So let's get on with it, shall we?

DON CABALLERO

Well, seeing as how you actually coughed up some dough for this issue as compared to the bus fare for previous issues, I guess you should know that the main reason for this is the fine single by fellow Pennsylvanians Don Caballero. After what seemed like a bunch of stressing on my behalf (stressing? Me? Get out!) the single became a reality. Sure, the songs are live, but they've never been anywhere else before. So shut yr cakehole and enjoy, you whiny baby! Yeesh! You just have to complain about everything, don't you? I'd like to extend a special thanks to both the band and their label Touch and Go for letting me borrow one of their many fine bands. In addition, the single was mastered and pressed by Warren and the rest of the crew there at Musicol (780 Oakland Park Ave, Cols, OH 43224/1-800-240-5963). As somebody who was recommended to them by Bela at Anyway, I took that as a good sign. Plus, after the Olivia single I learned to hate United. Enough ass kissing. Onto more pressing issues.

READING

Yeah, OK. So I actually do read from time to time, sue me! Now that I don't live in a place with a television, I find that there's actually time in the day for me to read. The most recommended book that I can think of is Al Franken's *Rush Limbaugh Is A Big Fat Idiot* published by Delacorte Press. I'm not big into the political end of things in Chunklet, but let me tell ya, this book let's all of us who are terrified of Rush and his legion of dittoheads have a legitimate reason to do so. I can't give a higher recommendation. If you ever tune into *Saturday Night Live*, you'll most definitely see some of Franken's witty writing in action. But what is it with the total lack of creative genius that made the show the 'legend' that it became? I think I should get in touch with Lorne Michaels and tell him what I'd do. Maybe I'll make my secretary do that after lunch. No wait, I don't have a secretary. How silly of me.

FRIDGE

Zach Gresham from Joe Christmas (José Navidad for those of you bilinguists out there) gave me a pic of him standing in front of his fridge for the last issue, but I got it too late. Still, I like to reward the effort, so here t'is. By the by, who else had a great time at that skating party/video shoot for the band? My calves are still sore!

REVIEWS

Something you'll probably notice right off the bat is the lack of record reviews in this issue. This is for two reasons. One, I just haven't had the time to pound out words (few as they might be) about music. As I state elsewhere in the issue, I just don't get reviews anymore. If you're a label and you expected to see a review that you could put in your band's bio, I'm sorry. Really. Truth be told, I haven't been getting much in the mail that's been very good. I've been buying most of what I listen to. The big walloping thumbs up go to new releases by U.S. Maple (never came thru with that interview, did you Mark?), the Jesus Lizard, Man or Astroman?, Harvey Milk (R.I.P.?), and Thee Hydrogen Terrors. The soon-to-be-new double LP by the Olivia Tremor Control is also in ultra heavy rotation here even though it's yet to be released, but when it is, man, you'll know what I'm talking about. Truly brilliant. As long as I'm on the topic of reviews and records and such, the first three releases on Drug Racer (you know, that label I've been doing with my UK partner?) is doing well. All of the releases are either sold out or are on the verge of doing so, so I can't really complain. Well, I lied. I can complain about the fact that some distributors still haven't paid, but I don't want any bad blood, so I won't talk about it here. The next release will be a packaging intensive single by Man or Astroman? which will be followed by EPs by the Speaking Canaries and



Servotron. Oh, did I tell you that I'm the first slave to the metal horde known as Servotron? If you missed their debut show at the Atomic, you really are a schmuck. Hell, people from as far away as Canada and Chicago made it to the show, so there's really no legit excuse for people here in Athens. So I guess I'm one of the first members of the SRA (Servotron Robotic Allegiance). That tips the coolness scale off the charts. What?



TRASHBASH

Man, that was quite a boozefest, wasn't it? That's me (drunk) and Chris Jern (drunker) on either side of Renee who was one of the go-go dancers during Impala's set. Although the go-go thing is a bit stale, I don't think you would've been complaining if you had Renee standing next to you, huh? I also want to make the formal apology for getting Coco the Electronic Monkey Wizard drunk. It'll never happen again, I swear. Now if these Astromen? thugs would stop plotting to Tang me, that'd be great.

CREDIT

Although the masthead will tell you who did what, I think a couple of the folks who contributed to this issue deserve some special credit. Firstly, Ted Rall has contributed once again for one of the coolest covers I've seen. I have always dreaded doing the artwork (both inside and out) and at least for the last two issues, Ted

has taken over the covers and I thank him greatly. Also of note is one Chris Bilheimer who definitely has earned the title "Thankless Chunklet Stooze." And although I try not to abuse the poor guy, Chris has been a good sport and helped me out more than once in a pinch. For this, I thank him. And as if you couldn't tell, Chris' article ("Do You Mind?") was written and laid out by the man himself which should be pretty obvious when compared to my lame ass job throughout the rest of the issue. Lord knows I'm no good in *that* department.

GIGGIN'

Well, I have come to the firm conclusion that the Landfill (the 660 Reese house) has become the next in the long line of cool club/venue type places in town. Starting when I moved here with Club Fred (and it's predecessor the Rockfish), going over to Hoyt North and then to Frijolero's, the Landfill has filled a gap in town that nobody else seems to care about. For \$2, you get to see two or three bands in a house, ferchrissakes! That's a deal! I'm sure that many of the memories there will be forever burned into my brain, and I know I'm not alone on that one. Am I? I have come to know Phil and John (and their less hands-on roomies Zach and Phillip) and think they're hearts are in the right place. If Athens had about 10 times as many get-up-and-go people like them, this town wouldn't be in the rut it's in now. Trust me, I know what I'm talking about.

PISTOLS

I now officially announce that the punk revolution should call it quits. After finding out that the Sex Pistols were reuniting, I thought it was a joke, but apparently, it isn't. You know, the Pistols of 20 years ago wouldn't have done this, but I guess the over-abundance of 'zeros' on the offers they were getting just tempted them too much. This isn't crass commercialism, this is punk capitalism which is an oxymoron. And I don't like it one bit. In fact, it sort of scares me. OK, that's enough of me trying to be a chest-thumping, Tim Yohannon type. Time to go back to being a dork.

BURRITOS

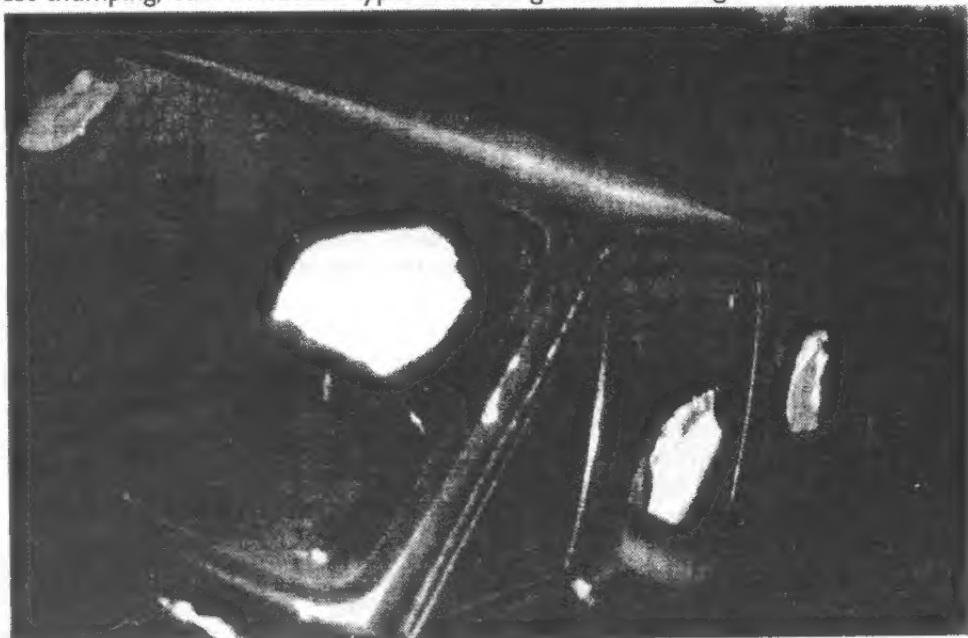
If anybody can give me tips as to who was the clever one who burritoed my car, I'd appreciate it. That shit's hard to scrape off once it dries. I think Kyle Martian or Matthew Taylor did the deed, but I can't prove it. Bastards.

UN-DEEP

Beth Pitchford, the fine lass responsible for printing *Chunklet* 9 and 10 has this little zine which missed deadline. It's pretty groovy and she has a centerfold with that long haired freak known as Devlin: 1495 US 29 N, G-1, Athens, GA 30601.

ABAGADOS

Signing off. Please get in touch if you liked anything or even if you hated everything. That's a pretty common response for me to hear, so go ahead, give me your best shot. My email address and phone numbers aren't included here because I don't know what they'll be in the coming months. Yet and still, write me a note or I'll get in touch with you once I get settled. Here comes the storm!



Hey wassup,
I just got Chunklet #10 a few days ago,
and as I promised I'm writing to let
you know what I thought of it. It
seems kinda strange, because I mean if
you're happy with what you've done
then who the fuck am I to tell you
anything different?

Anyway, first off, I gotta say thanks for
sending it so quickly. I usually order
'zines in surges and Chunklet came in
before any of the others that I
ordered in my most recent 'zine binge.
It made my normally empty trips to
the mailbox a good one. Cool.

Without a doubt, my favorite part was
"Turnkey Jackass." That was one of
the funniest things I've read in a long
time. I've read each letter a few times
and I still laugh out loud every time.
It's great. I also really liked reading the
story about the time you were in a
band. It helps put into perspective
how hard it is to be in a band.

Sometimes even if you can make good music with people,
it doesn't guarantee you'll always get along. It makes me
appreciate bands who can accomplish both even more.
I did, however, think that the refrigerator thing was pretty
lame. What can I say--"to each his own." I heard one of
my teachers say that--not about refrigerators. I don't
remember what he was referring to, but I think that it
applies here regardless.

Oh, I also really liked all the pictures of old punk bands
with descriptions and stuff. That was really cool. I can't
say that it brought back memories or nothin' but it was still
really interesting. It's weird that that guy from Gumball did
it. I wouldn't think that punk would have had such a big
effect on Gumball guys. To each his own, I guess.

I can't say that the interviews really grabbed by attention. I
didn't know of any of those bands nor do I wish to. I
suppose the Harry Pussy one was pretty cool. So, I take
that back, the Harry Pussy interview did hold my attention.
It seems like the best writing was done over the course of
the first 20 some pages. After that I just kinda scanned
over the rest. But, hey, like I said, if you're happy with it
then you shouldn't give a fuck. To each his own. Keep on
keepin' on. I feel your plight, bro. Power to the people.
Brian

Henry/Chunklet,

First of all I loved issue #10, it's the only one I've seen, and
I'm so glad I found it, very funny! Anyhow the main reason
I'm writing is the whole thing about being struck by
lightning indoors. I haven't a clue of how to find those
odds, but my grandma experienced it. It was Nov. of 93, in
Sutherland, Nebraska, and my grams was laying on the
couch and watching TV when she was truck. The lightning
went through the roof struck poor ol grams, ricocheting
off of her and bounced through the house destroying
anything plugged in the walls of the kitchen and living
room, and ruining most of the electrical units. This chaos
left grandma with partial blindness (temporary) and
blackened lungs and a smokin' TV. Grandma's fully



recovered now, and all is well. Okay so I don't know the
odds, but wasn't that story worth a t-shirt that I would
wear so proudly? Please, oh please, I swear this story is
true! Anyhow, I do love your zine, c'mon look at this
schmoozing, send the nice girl a t-shirt!

ps. I got your zine at Rhino Records in Claremont, CA.
Please keep sending em there. Thanks.

Kim Kenyon, Pomona, CA

*These two letters are here to prove a point. If you don't
understand, allow me to explain that I get more excited over
one letter like these than a scribbled out letter that says "Please
send Chunklet" with one (or just maybe two) crumpled dollar
bills. Not that I'm knocking my readership, but put yourself in
my situation, and you might understand. Notes like this make it
all worth while, and if you think I'm joking, just ask anybody if
they like getting mail.*

Little Sunshine,

It's me Nina. Frijoleros. Got it? Last night as I was
soaking in a sample of cheap local beer in Satyricon
(Portland, Oregon) suffering thru the first band of the
evening, the sound man walked by with a Chunklet shirt
on. I asked him about it...he had no clue what it was. Said
a friend of his who had been on tour gave it to him. Run
on sentences. Thought you'd get a kick in the pants from
that. Hope Athens is treating you well...

Nina

*I still get DT's over Frijoleros. One more chicken burrito with
black beans and sour cream and I'll be OK. Swear. And if
you're not from Athens and/or haven't heard of Frijoleros, suffice
as to say that it's better to have loved and lost, than never to
have loved at all. A moment of silence, please. Sniff.*

Hey Henry,

I just got a hold of some of my OLD e-mail and thought I'd
be a decent son of a bitch and reply (before my school
account expires on wed.). OK, the tour with Luna was
pretty decent. Bedhead played a couple of really posh
venues (one in Tampa had a freakin' elevator). In Tampa
we were supposed to play [football against] Luna. It was

the most beautiful weather of the trip and those bastards forfeited. We still made good use of our playing time on smaller teams with the seven of us Bedheads and Justin from Luna (bassist), who managed to get to the game just fine. me, Justin, Tench and Matt took on Bubba, Wheat, Trini, and Adam (our sound guy). It was a tight game that came down to the last play (a pass intercepted by yours truly that curbed their attempt at a tie). Final score: 36-28. The following day in Jacksonville Beach the freshly-rested Luna crew caught us off guard and whipped our asses. I ate a greasy, fried chicken finger basket, 10 minutes before kickoff. A near-puke at 1/2 time on my part soon led to a full-speed collision with our sound guy. we were going for the same interception, he was waiting for it, I was hauling ass and only looking at the ball. I went down with a busted lip and a near-concussion. after that the game was pretty much downhill. I let my team down and I'll never forget it. Dammit, I hate just talking about it.

Can't write anymore. Adios.

Josh

Josh was supposed to take some photos of Bedhead playing football against Luna, but the poor guy didn't come through. Lazy bastard.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW DEPT.

Hey Henry.

How's it going? Two weeks ago I was in Chicago and I saw Chunklet at Ajax Records. Lookin' good. I didn't actually buy it, though, because I was thinking maybe you'd send us one gratis in exchange for the new Skinner Pilot single....? I'm also sending you this NRSK/GbV split that I just got when both bands played here a few weeks ago. Pollard said he'd written their Scientist song after hearing the Architect song so...a split was conceived of and realized in which we covered each others song. We recorded it over a year ago but....like a fine wine, indie rock products take time. I hope you like the stuff. Things are going pretty well up here. I have a kick-ass job as a security guard. AZ is working at a framing shop. We're doing a "tour" (5 dates) in 2 weeks. Things are moving along alright. Update me on some Athens news....WRITE...Hope you're doing well,

Take care,
Sharpe

On a musical note, the Skinner Pilot single is a mighty fine addition to my collection. And on a technical note, it's one of the only releases I've received where the band spelled my name right on the 'thank you's. Gaunt, on the other hand, spelled Chunklet "Chucklet" on their recent AmRep release. Wick will never live that one down.

FROM LIMEY LAND!

Henry,

Here's some band names I thought up!...

Ten Years After The Fire/Graham Central Brownsville Station/La Toyah Jackson Wilcox/The Damnedevil Dogs D'Amour/Deep Purple Overdose/The Shamen At Work/Buzzcocksparrer/The Doors And The Window/Kate Bush Tetras/Oisister Ray/American Soul Spiders From Mars/Alternative T.V. Smith/Subway Section 25/Sonic's Rendezvous Band Of Susans/Sonic Youth Brigade/All About Eve's Plum/Kleenex-Ray Spex/Velvet Undergroundhogs/Sly And The Family Stone Roses/The Bananarama Splits/The

Unwanted Nugent/Great White Zombie/The Funboy Three Dog Night/Tom Robinsonny And Cher/R.E.MCS/Shampoo Sticks/Moody Blues Magoos/Goldie Cheerleader/Pandoras Michael And The Sons Of Negus/Marvellettes Active/Mary Wilson Pickett/Barry White Flag/Cheech 'n Gong/Revoltng Cocksparrer/Jimmy Cliff Richard/Hot Damn Yankees/Swing Out Sister Goddam/Poison 13 Generate/Woggles Thugs/Dark Carnival Art/The Prodigy G Allin/Gang Of Four Seasons/Demolition Doll Rod Stewart/Bruce Springsteen Angels/Kim Fowley Aaron...
Ta!

P.J.

Man, everybody's a comedian! If you have any additions, send them in. There seemed to be a great amount of support for doing another installment, so write in with whatever, and I'll print 'em. Honest injun.

Here's some names that just came off the top of my head:

The Grateful Dead C and Cake/Thee Hydrogen X Terrors/Portastatics/ Sam and Dave and Deke Combo/Pyloni Anderson/ The Silver Apples in Stereolab/The Jimi Hendricks Trio/Alanis Morrissey/ Tinslint/School of Lungfish/The Lubricated Goats/ Consolidated Rall/Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young Marble Giants/ Spatula Peste/Iggynition/The New Bomb Radiant Stromin' Normaltown Flyers/Naked Raygaunt/ Guided by Noise Addict/ Moviola Tengo Go To Blazes/ Fleshtone Dogs of Warzone/The Rip Offspring/ Mr. Big Boys II Mental as Anything/The 12 Monkeywrench/ Softservatron/Thin White Rapeman/Folk Implosion Ra/Silkwurm/MX Eightyrexsmall Speakers On Expensive Stereos/Man or Bastroman?/Lewis Guzzard/Trans Amboy Dukes of the Stratos Fear and Loathing/ Les Claypool Outs/The Revolting Buzzcocksparrer/Ozzy Osborn Against/Kate Moss Icon/Magic Half Hour To Gore/Gigantotor-dis/The For Carnation of Ulysseasy E/Girlschool Against Boystown/ Entombedhead of David Cassidy Nice Strong Mark Army of Modern Lovers and Rockets from the Tombs/Foreskiner 500 Pilot/Adam Antiscenic/Ui The People/Blue Cheer Accident OK, so the Ted Rall/Consolidated one was a cheap shot, but the rest were good, weren't they? Send in your lists to Chunklet and I can guarantee we'll print 'em. Good luck.

SEOUL MAN

Dear Henry:

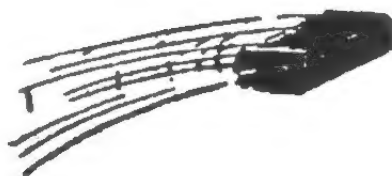
I am currently one of your sister's econ. students. I have received and read issues of Chunklet and encourage you to continuously engage on this project. I find that your magazine is very interesting and full of revealing information. Do not let any externalities get in the way of your work. Your sister is a good teacher, full of energy. I suppose you are the same, so therefore you have taken the initiative to start your own magazine. I wonder what inspired you and how far you are willing to go with this. It seems that you are a person with high expectations and in need of new challenges. I especially enjoy the golf jokes you had in Chunklet 10 and the interesting band reviews. Keep up the good work.

Juan Duran

From half way across the world (Seoul, Korea) came this bit of email from one of my sister's students. Unfortunately, Kathy (my sister) will not be there in Seoul too much longer which is a pity because I could have used some of her students to play some really nasty pranks on her. And of course, with my track record, that wouldn't be too much of a stretch. Not to knock Juan, but could somebody tell me what an externality is?

1-800-CHUNKLET

I'll be the first one to admit it that when we get bored walking the back halls here at Chunklet, we get devious. Not bad devious, mind you, we don't set fire to baby carriages or anything like that (although it's crossed our mind), but just plain innocent nobody-gets-physically-hurt maniacism. One night after getting home from a night of lechin' and lyin', I stumbled into the house and flopped down next to the telephone. I looked around and thought "What they hey!" and decided to make some calls. Here's some actual transcripts from those conversations.*



BURGER KING CONSUMER SERVICE LINE

Burger King: Hello, this is the Burger King Customer Service Department. How may I help you?
Chunklet: (small pause) Yes?
BK: Hello, sir, how may I help you?
C: (another pause) So is the King there?
BK: I beg your pardon, sir?
C: Yeah, let me talk to the King.
BK: I'm sorry sir, but Burger King is just the company's name. There is no real "Burger King".
C: Well, don't you still have that guy who dresses up like the King? I used to have a drinking glass with him on it. Is he still around?
BK: I'm sorry sir, but he isn't.
C: Oh.
BK: Is there another reason you called, sir?
C: Kind of. I wanted to find out why Burger King doesn't have playgrounds like McDonald's does out in front of their place. Are you trying to calm the kids down?
BK: To tell you the truth...
C: (interrupts her) Ah forget it, I'm sure it has to do something about that flame broiling you do, doesn't it?
BK: Sir?
C: Don't lie to me! I know where they hid the Lindberg baby! It's right under my porch! I hear it's heart beating right now!
BK: I'm afraid I...
C: Aaaah! Get these bugs off of me!
BK: (hangs up)

SPICES INTERNATIONAL

Service Representative: Hello, and thank you for calling Spices International. May I have your account number.
Chunklet: (with Asian accent) Herow? Dis spice prace?
SR: Excuse me, sir, but may I have your account number?
C: Have no numbah.
SR: Let me forward your call.
(20 second wait)
Another Representative: Hello, how may I help you?
C: Herow. We run a gloop of restaurants. We need oregano.
AR: Yes sir. How much will you be needing?
C: You sell by ton?
AR: Sir?
C: (long pause) Yes, need five ton oregano.
AR: Five tons?
C: You no help?
AR: Sir, we do sell oregano by...
C: You have oregano?
AR: Yes, bu...
C: (interrupts) Send five ton!
AR: ...but in quantities much, much smaller than that.
C: You no help?
AR: I'm afraid I can...
C: (interrupts) Must get oregano! (hang up)

COCA COLA INC.

note: after a series of button pushing (i.e. "press three for World of Coke visiting hours"), I got this guy on the line.

* A full transcript of all these phone conversations are available for the taking. Just send a blank tape, four stamps, a hundred dollar bill, and a childhood photo to the Chunklet address shown in the front of the issue. It's valuable at any price.

Coca Cola: Hi, this is Bill, how may I help you?
 Chunklet: Hello Bill, I've run into a small problem.
 CC: And what would that be?
 C: Have you ever had a Coke go flat on you, Bill?
 CC: Yes sir, but when not properly sealed, the bottle will do that.
 C: But you see, Bill, I just got the damn 2 liter bottle home and opened the son of a bitch.
 CC: And it was flat?
 C: Hell yes it was flat. No "ffffssssss" sound or nothin'! And I'm in the house for the rest of the god damned night and I want you people there at Coke to know that....
 CC: (interrupts) Sir, give me your address and we'll mail you a coupon for \$2 worth of Coca Cola merchandise.
 C: Why that's awfully nice of you, young man! How about another two dollar coupon for my wife?
 CC: We can't do that, sir.
 C: Do you want me to start drinking Pepsi? Give me another coupon, dammit!
 CC: Sir, I...
 C: (interrupts) I'll start drinking generic! Since the war, I can't really taste the difference thanks to that schrapnel in my skull, but...
 CC: (cuts me off) We'll mail you a coupon for half off her next Coke purchase. Would that be OK with you?
 C: Along with the coupon for me?
 CC: Yes. Thank you and have a good night, sir.
 C: And you do the...
 (Coke Rep hangs up on me)

HOOKED ON PHONICS

Phone Representative:
 Thank you for calling Hooked on Phonics, this is Jean, how may I help you.
 Chunklet: Yes Jean. I've got a small problem.
 PR: And what would that be, sir?
 C: (long pause) Well, you see...
 PR: (interrupts) Do you have problems with reading comprehension?
 C: (yells) Hell no! It's my boy. He's seventeen and all of his pistons just ain't firing. He's about to join the Army like his old man.
 PR: Will you be wanting our high school series of tapes tonight?
 C: I think so, but will they teach my boy how to spell and....

PR: (interrupts) Sir, the Hooked on Phonics tapes are designed to teach both young and old how to improve their learning and comprehension skills.
 C: So what does that mean? Will he learn how to spell?
 PR: They will improve his ability to learn to write and spell.
 C: OK. Give me one tape. I've got to wait until pay day to buy the rest of them.
 PR: Unfortunately sir, you buy the entire series at once which is 15 tapes.
 C: 15 tapes?! How much does that cost?!

PR: You can make 4 payments of 49.99.
 C: How much does that make it?!

PR: Two hundred dollars plus shipping and handling.
 C: Shoot! I can't afford that. I'm just gonna tell my boy that he had better screw his head on straight or he ain't goin' in the Army. Plain as rain!

PR: We'd be more than happy to send you a brochure.

C: Forget it, honey! My boy ain't worth it. (hangs up)

AMERICAN ON LINE

Phone Representative:
 Hello, and thank you for calling America Online. May I have your name and zip code, please?
 Chunklet: Hey, I've got these tickets here and I want to change them.
 PR: Sir?
 C: Yeah, I've got two tickets here to go from Atlanta to Birmingham one way and I need to get the dates changed on 'em.
 PR: Sir, this is America Online.
 C: So? Just let me talk to somebody who can change the dates on these here tickets.
 PR: I believe you want American Airlines.
 C: What you say?
 PR: American Airlines, sir.
 C: What'cha mean?
 PR: This is American

Online. You most likely want an airline service.

C: So you can't change my tickets?

PR: I'm afraid not. Sorry....

C: You got American, uh, what's it's name again?

PR: American Airlines.

C: You got their number there?

PR: I'm sorry, but....

C: Hell, now I got to get outta my chair. Thanks for nothing..

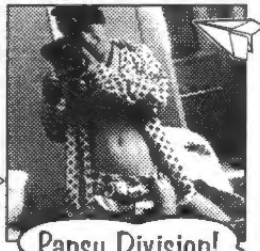
PR: Thank you for calling.

C: *click*

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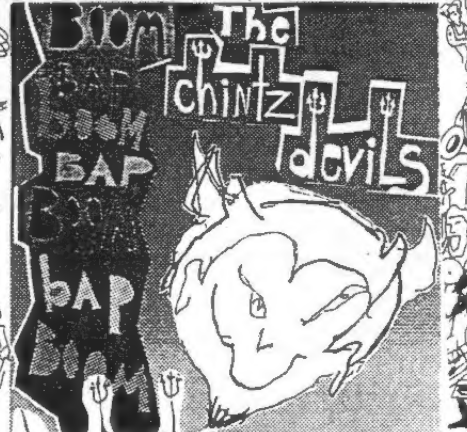
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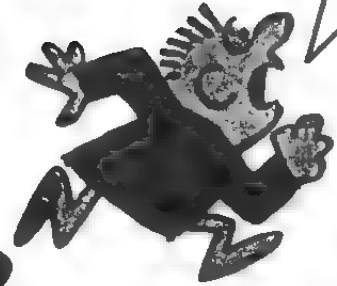
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MR. YOYO!

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Are you a waxed thread man?

No, I use synthetics, mainly Superspeed (a Dupont #4563 polymer based string). If I use a cotton based string, I bypass the wax... A good spin control technique doesn't require wax.

At what social settings is the yoyo acceptable?

My motto is "yoyo anywhere, anytime". It's kinda like playin' the banjo in that respect. I would leave funerals, courtrooms, and Daytona Bike Week out of the list of "places to yoyo".

Does "yo yo" have a hyphen?

No, its all one word. Using a hyphen only proves you are a newbie. And if you are a newbie, please, save yourself the embarrassment and give up now. And please, please, if you got suckered into buying a yoyo belt, don't let anyone see you wearing it. That is what pockets are for. You don't need a damn holster for a second yoyo. If I see another yoyo belt, I don't know what I'll do...

Who have been the most vocal yoyo advocates?

Ed Asner, Tits Morrigan, Kissinger. Kissinger got the capitol gang into yoyos. I remember me, Eddie "Fastspin" Felton, Bob Elliott, and Gene Hackman all did a yoyo demo/show at some diplomatic party back in 73-74. Gene was into yoyos, but lacked the skill so he emceed the event. Bob really got the laughs... If you ever see Gene Hackman do an "Elephant Walk", I showed him how at that event. Kissinger couldn't do it, Hackman could.

Why has the popularity of the yoyo declined in recent years?

Yeah, Nintendo and MTV sorta killed it. Hell, the entertainment business is totally different. Then we had the Smothers Brothers, now we have "alternative music". It really sucks...



How could a yoyo make your car run more efficiently?

It can't. Yoyos don't really have anything to do with your car. Yoyos operate without the assistance of a car, and visa versa. However, some people have incorporated yoyo tricks into car stunts. The most famous was Evel Kenivel's motorcycle jump/yoyo "around the world" stunt. Big stunt. The 70's yoyo craze happened at the same time the stunt rage was going on. It was a natural pairing of tricks. Les Duncan put Evel up to it. Evel hopped four '76 Imperials on a chopper while doing an around the world. That was the last stunt he did before he smashed that guy's head in with a baseball bat.

What precautions should a recent Hair Replacement Systems client take when using a yoyo?

Well, rule number one when you pickup a yoyo is "don't let it near your head". Everyone in the business knows why. The main centrifuge shaft on most modern yoyo's is a generally a forged tungsten unit. Before Duncan started using forged shafts, everyone used a polished cast aluminum shaft. As a result, the yoyo lube on the old Al shaft yoyos was an extremely carcinogenic solid poly-carbo composite. If that stuff spins off the yoyo and gets on your face you've got a high chance of seeing moles "grow" and getting premature age spots, I'd hate to see what it'd do with Rogaine as a cohort. But if you've rebuilt your old yoyo with a new shaft, or a replacement lube, then you're okay. But just any yoyo? Nah...play it safe, and keep that yoyo as far away from your head, Rogained or not Rogained...

Mr. Yoyo has appeared on the Johnny Carson show eleven times wielding his stylic brand of risqué standup comedy and yoyo tomfoolery. He hails from Fresno, California, and currently resides in Malibu. Screen appearances include "The Cannonball Run", "Mother, Jugs, and Speed", "Losin' It" and most recently "Cabin Boy". He was also a regular on "Fernwood Tonight". His Hollywood yoyo clinic has been in operation since 1966, and boasts many famous graduates including Bruce Lee, Tom Conway, Ursula Andress, Steve McQueen, Johnny Carson, and his loving wife Claudia Cardinale of 26 years. You can hear him playing piano every night on the Charles Grodin show (CNBC, 10pm EST) He was paid \$400 for this interview.

HOW TO BE... ANNOYING!!!

PART ONE

by Alan Meiss

Stand at the pizza bar eating the pepperonis off each slice.
Articulate your belches.

When the gang is getting videos, insist on *The Three Amigos*.

Adjust the tint on your TV so that all the people are green, and insist to others that you "like it that way".

Drum on every available surface.

Pull your gum out of your mouth in long strands, winding it around your finger.

Redefine a new user's computer prompt to say: SPANK ME.

Sing the Batman theme incessantly.

Fax a paper loop.

Staple papers in the middle of the page.

Bring a jar of lightning bugs into the movie theater.

In the memo field of all your checks, write "for sensual massage".

Never flush, that others may admire your accomplishments.

Ask 800 operators for dates.

Produce a rental video consisting entirely of dire FBI copy warnings.

Insist on keeping all your stationary in the fridge.

Sew anti-theft detector strips into people's backpacks.

Hide dairy products in inaccessible places.

Write the surprise ending to a novel on its first page.

Specify that your drive-through order is "to go".

Set alarms for random times.

Permanently install as wallpaper for someone's computer desktop a scan of the cover of Prince's Lovesexy album.

Learn Morse code, and have conversations with friends in public consisting entirely of "Beeeeep Bip Bip Beeeeep Bip..."

Buy large quantities of mint dental floss just to lick the flavor off.

Test the echo properties of your shower with Axl Rose impressions.

Order a side of pork rinds with your filet mignon.

Instead of Gallo, serve Night Train next Thanksgiving.

Leave your Nine Inch Nails tape in Great Uncle Ed's stereo, with the volume properly adjusted.

Publicly investigate just how slowly you can make a "croaking" noise.

If you have a glass eye, tap on it occasionally with your pen while talking to others.

The Beavis laugh.

The Butthead laugh.

Bring your taxidermy hobby along to the office.

Honk and wave to strangers.

Dress only in clothes colored Hunter's Orange.

Change channels five minutes before the end of every show.

Tape pieces of "Sweating to the Oldies" over climactic parts of rental movies.

Wear your pants backwards.

Decline to be seated at a restaurant, and simply eat their complementary mints by the cash register.

Discuss your various piercings in intimate detail.

Construct small animal figures at dinner with toothpicks and tater tots.

Begin all your sentences with "ooh la la!"

Keep National Geographic map supplements such as Trade Routes of the Intuit in your car's glove compartment.

Rouse your roommates from slumber each morning with Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music*.

Leave someone printer in compressed-italic-cyrillic-landscape mode.

ONLY TYPE IN UPPERCASE.

only type in lowercase.

dont use any punctuation either

Buy a large quantity of orange traffic cones and reroute whole streets.

Pay for your dinner with pennies.

Paint the side of your house with a giant eyeball.

Leave little puddles on the toilet seat.

Tie jingle bells to all your clothes.

Use perfume inserts from magazines as bookmarks.

Repeat everything someone says, as a question.

Pronounce potato poe-TAH-toe, and tomato toe-MAH-toe.

Teach your parakeet to poop on command.

Write "X - BURIED TREASURE" in random spots on all of someone's roadmaps.

Inform everyone you meet of your personal Kennedy assassination/UFO/OJ Simpson conspiracy theories.

Wear hot-pink eye shadow.

Repeat the following conversation a dozen times: "Do you hear that?" "What?" "Never mind, it's gone now."

Light road flares on a birthday cake.

Bring a bushel bag of coupons to the grocery store and demand their total cash value.

Play records with a paper cone.

Order a hamburger without the meat.

Order a taco without the shell.

Order a pizza without the crust.

Wander around the restaurant, asking other diners for their parsley.

Leave tips in Bolivian currency.

Amuse yourself for endless hours by hooking a camcorder to your TV and then pointing it at the screen.

Repeat all of Bob Saget's jokes to your co-workers.

Speak only in a "robot" voice.

Sit at the front of the lecture hall and clip your toenails.

Install only 20-watt light bulbs.

Write long, ominous letters to the editor demanding that NASA bomb Mars.

Make a heraldic coat-of-arms for each of your pets, including fish.

Demand that everyone address you as "El Conquistador".

Push all the flat Lego pieces together tightly.

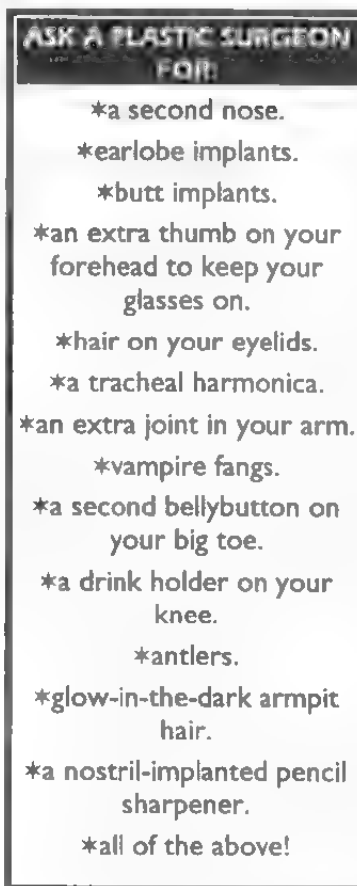
Start each meal by conspicuously licking all your food, and announce that this is so no one will "swipe your grub".

Keep hissing cockroaches as pets.

Wear your beeper to a wedding.

Purchase a 50,000 candle-power flashlight, and while away many an evening from a high-story window by spotlighting the butts of passers-by.

Cruise around the neighborhood listening to the Carpenters at top volume.



At the laundromat, use one dryer for each of your socks.

Cross-post all news messages to rec.pets.cats.

Write Bible verses on your face.

When Christmas caroling, sing "Jingle Bells, Batman smells" until physically restrained.

Wear a cape that says "Magnificent One".

As much as possible, skip rather than walk.

Before swallowing Jello, squish and slosh it around in your mouth until it's thoroughly liquefied.

Stand over someone's shoulder, mumbling, as they read.

Leave the copy machine set to reduce 200%, extra dark, 17 inch paper, 99 copies.

Leave random, clipped Ann Lander's columns on co-workers' desks, as if suggesting they could benefit from the advice.

Insist on brushing your teeth every five minutes.

Stomp on little plastic ketchup packets.

Sniffle incessantly.

Finish the 99 bottles of beer song.

Leave your turn signal on for fifty miles.

Pretend your mouse is a CB radio, and talk to it.

Hold a life-size magazine photo of a face over your own, and waggle your tongue through a hole where the mouth is.

Try playing the *William Tell Overture* by tapping on the bottom of your chin. When nearly done, announce "no, wait, I messed it up", and repeat.

Make your wine glass "scream" by rubbing a moistened finger over its rim.

Freeze bugs in ice cubes.

Vaguely insinuate that someone's toothbrush or comb was dropped in the toilet.

Drive half a block.

Sprinkle grass clippings on your head and inform the neighbors you are a "Lawn Goddess".

Push the end of the scotch tape flush against the roll.

Glue change to the floor.

Install twenty mysterious-looking antennas on your car.

Inform your friends, frequently and at length, how good it feels to be done with *your* final exams.

Name your dog "Dog".

Lick all of someone's stamps.

Ask people what gender they are.

Serve only nachos for Thanksgiving.

Hand out business cards identifying you as the "Maestro of Mirth".

Inform others that they exist only in your imagination.

Wander through the shoe department sniffing the merchandise.

Insist on keeping your car windshield wipers running in all weather conditions "to keep them tuned up".

Reply to everything someone says with "that's what YOU think."

Lick the filling out of all the Oreos, and place the cookie parts back in the tray.

Claim that you must always wear a football helmet as part of your "astronaut training".

Turn your eyelids inside-out.

Stare intently at someone while scribbling in a small notebook. Conceal it quickly and whistle absently if approached.

Wear an overcoat and dark sunglasses to church.

Pick the lima beans out of your dinner and play "flick football" with them.

Declare your apartment an independent nation, and sue your neighbors upstairs for "violating your airspace".

Cultivate a Norwegian accent. If Norwegian, affect a Southern Drawl.

Forget the punchline to a long joke, but assure the listener it was a "real hoot".

Occasionally whisper to others that you are entrusted with "nuclear secrets".

Practice hog calling in a tile bathroom.

Routinely handcuff yourself to furniture, informing the curious that you don't want to fall off "in case the big one comes".

Insist on being the first to sniff fresh mimeograph sheets.

When visiting someone's home, fish for change under their sofa cushions. Elaborately display any embarrassing items you uncover.

Sculpt your hedges into anatomically suggestive shapes.

Follow a few paces behind someone, spraying everything they touch with a can of Lysol.

Practice making fax and modem noises.

Insinuate that someone has something stuck to their back.

Ask for change for a dime.

Pop an entire sheet of plastic bubble wrap while sitting in the library.

Use 'lot's of 'extra' apostrophe's in you're writ'ing.

Deliberately hum songs that will remain lodged in co-workers' brains, such as "Feliz Navidad", or the Archies' "Sugar".

While making presentations, occasionally bob your head like a parakeet.

Torment siblings with vivid recollections of all family get-togethers where they threw up.

Spend an entire weekend test-driving riding mowers.

Growl like a pirate and address everyone as "matey".

Stand outside the window of a restaurant and stare at people eating.

Hang out every day at a waterbed store wearing an old Navy uniform.

Lie obviously about trivial things such as the time of day.

Highlight irrelevant information in textbooks.

Assemble a collection of EXIT signs.

Frequently become mesmerized by shiny objects.

Steer every conversation, no matter how irrelevant, toward a discussion of the presidency of Millard Filmore.

When dining out, engage in graphics discussions of medieval prostate surgery.

Make beeping noises when a large person backs up.

Leave your Christmas lights up and lit until September.

When dining in polite society, sculpt yourself a Santa Claus beard from mashed potatoes.

Insist that your swordfish be netted, not hooked.

Construct an elaborate canal system in your front yard.

Run in circles around a streetlight like a human moth.

Grow out your nose hair and braid it.

Teach your parrot to answer the phone and put people on hold.

Turn street signs ninety degrees.

Mail a letter with 32 one-cent stamps.

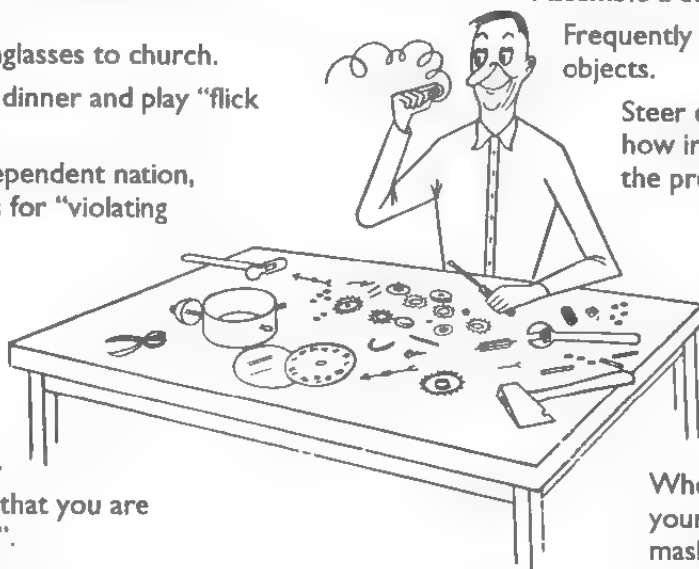
Assure little kids that they can, in fact, be sucked down the bathtub drain.

Instead of a stapler or paper clips, use duct tape or chewing gum.

Push all the elevator buttons.

Build an anatomically-correct snowman.

Spell your name strangely, such as Jhonne Psmythe, and sue those who misspell it.





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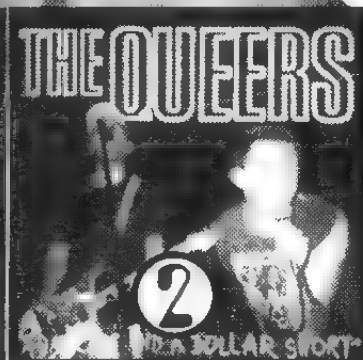
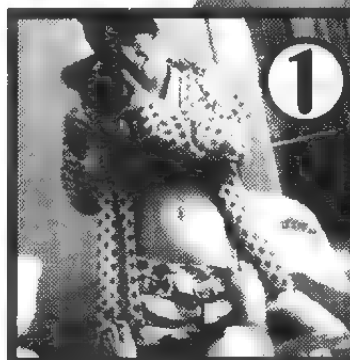
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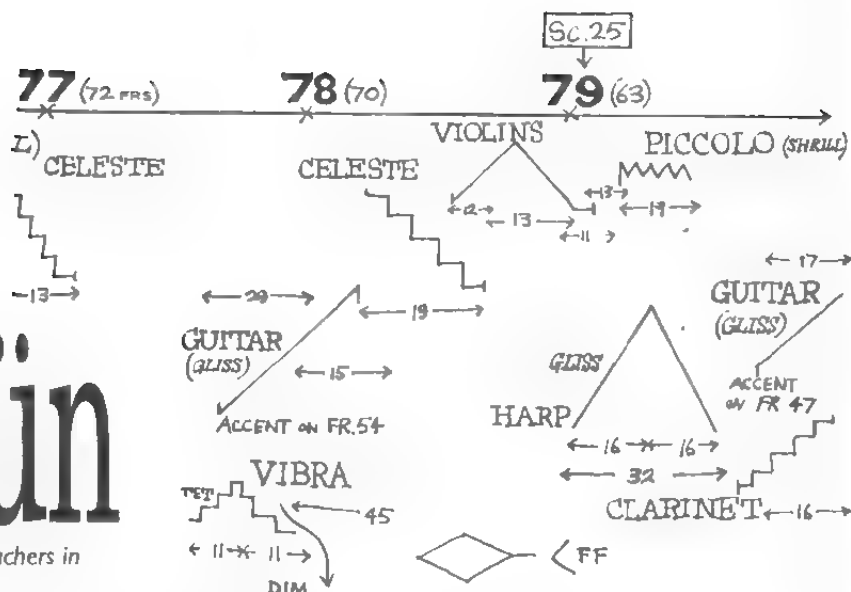


...so many new styles!

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These are stories and test questions accumulated by music teachers in the state of Missouri...

Caruso was at first an Italian. Then someone heard his voice and said he would go a long way. And so he came to America.



Question: What are kettle drums called? **Answer:** Kettle drums.

Cymbals are round, metal CLANGS!

A bassoon looks like nothing I have ever heard.

Last month I found out how a clarinet works by taking it apart. I both found out and got in trouble.

Question: Is the saxophone a brass or a woodwind instrument? Answer: Yes.

The concertmaster of an orchestra is always the person who sits in the first chair of the first violins. This means that when a person is elected concertmaster, he has to hurry up and learn how to play a violin real good.

For some reason, they always put a treble clef in front of every line of flute music. You just watch.

I can't reach the brakes on this piano!

The main trouble with a French horn is it's too tangled up.

Anyone who can read all the instrument notes at the same time gets to be the conductor.

Instrumentalist is a many-purposed word for many player-types.

The flute is a skinny-high shape-sounded instrument.

The most dangerous part about playing cymbals is near the nose.

A contra-bassoon is like a bassoon, only more so.

Tubas are a bit too much.

Music instrument has a plural known as orchestra.

I would like for you to teach me to play the cello. Would tomorrow or Friday be best?

My favorite instrument is the bassoon. It is so hard to play people seldom play it. That is why I like the bassoon best.

It is easy to teach anyone to play the maracas. Just grip the neck and shake him in rhythm.

Just about any animal skin can be stretched over a frame to make a pleasant sound once the animal is removed.

Source: Missouri School Music Newsletter

		
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HOMESTEAD...



SLEEPYHEAD Communist Love Songs CD

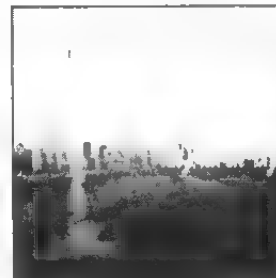
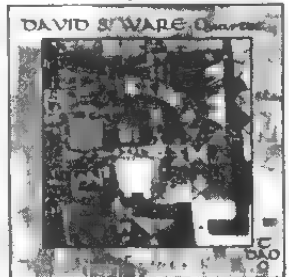
"The breakthrough record by New York's best-kept secret; at its best moments, easily on par with Fleetwood Mac,

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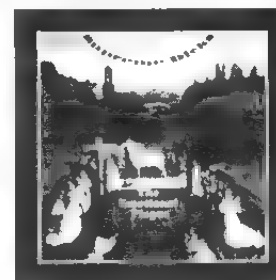


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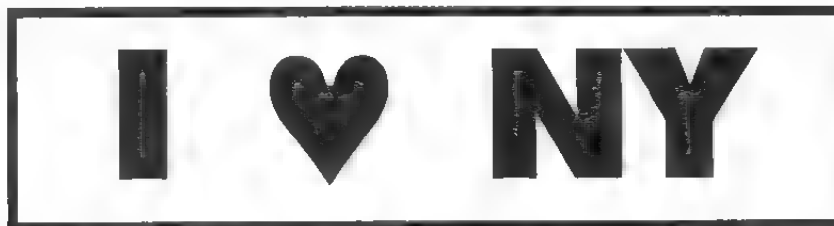


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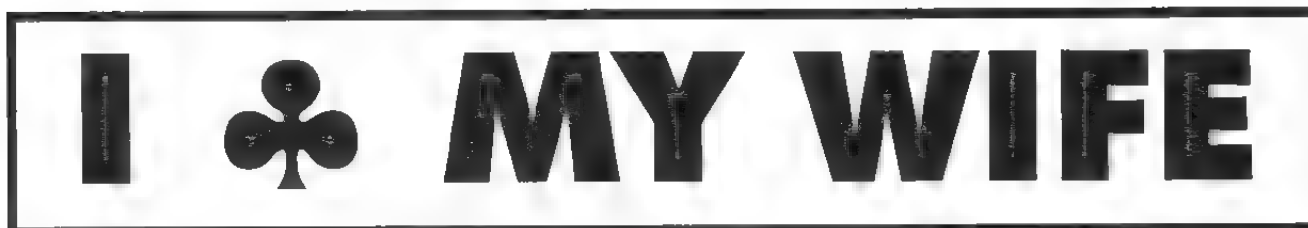
and the all-too-stale



but how come we never see bartenders with the sign



or abusive husbands with the fender tag



or disgruntled, over-worked underpaid stiff's boasting



and why don't some pet owners come out and admit it?!



FIREWALK

a first hand account of walking on hot coals!

The middle letters in life are "if". I didn't make that up. To be honest, I don't know who did come up with that, but I saw *Apocalypse Now* recently and Brando says that minutes before Sheen offs him. Cool story, eh? Boy, I'm digging myself into a hole real quick, so I reckon I should get to the crux of my point, huh?

For the last year or so, I've been working for the University System of Georgia. Sucking on the teat of the Man (or Wo-Man, for that matter). One of the tedious errands I must do in any given day are to distribute memos electronically to the entire department. It's so simple that even a high school senior could do it. I see myself not getting out of this hole any quicker. Let's move to a new paragraph. Maybe that'll help things.

OK, so let's jump to the beef of the story. One bit of information that I had to pass along to our entire department (roughly 100 professors and graduate students) was regarding a presentation being given by a visiting professor in Physics from the remote island of New Zealand. The crux of the presentation, and I know some of you will raise your brow thinking I'm lying thru my teeth, was to scientifically prove the art of firewalking. Like that would be interesting. "Yawnsville" was the first thing that ran thru my mind. But at the bottom of the announcement lay the sweet meat. After the hour long presentation, we would be taken outside and shot in the head. No, not really. I just wanted to see if you were still paying attention. Let's move onto another paragraph, shall we?

So after his little speech, we were to be invited to go outside and prove science by walking on fire. Free of charge. No signing of papers saying that we wouldn't sue anybody if we burned ourselves. Nuthin'. Let's think about this for a moment. Sit through a presentation (no matter how dull), and at the end you get to put your feet on hot cinders. Is there a catch?! As far as I could tell—No.

That afternoon, I was stationed at work, scrambling to find some body—any body—to tag along for this E ticket entertainment. Over ten calls later, I was no better off in my little quest. Not to worry. Yeah. If these schmucks can't see a good time in this, it's their own damn fault. And I won't stop gloating after the fact, neither. That's the spoils of war. So I went to the fire walk solo. Fire walk solo. That sounds like Han Solo's bastard child....

The presentation was being held the day after the Georgia blizzard of '96. We got a mind-numbing 1/2" of snow which melted before noon the next day. Big whoop. It was bone chilling freezing and all I could think was "It's a good day for a fire walk." The room where the presentation was to take place was located inside the physics building. And as you can imagine, thanks to the negative pre-event publicity, the only people there were either from the physics department (nerds) or people who knew somebody in the physics department (bigger nerds). Then there was me. The last time I was in a science lab, I set fire to a meniscus. And that was 10 years ago when I was much more nimble, but much less suave and cool as I am now. Huh?

For such a senseless act as firewalking, this visiting professor from New Zealand looked exactly as you would want somebody to be in the maniacal field of the physics behind fire walking. First off, he was from Scotland (via NZ I suppose) and wore a kilt and tam-o-shanter. Add to this his knee high socks, pastel blue shirt and fish tie, and—providing you didn't know the guy was a Doctor of Physics—would be branded as a loon within seconds upon seeing him. However, given the circumstances, he was exactly what I wanted. It could only have been better if he had that ridiculous Yahoo Serious hairstyle in effect. Lamentably, he didn't. He proceeded to spend the next hour waxing poetic about the science—née common sense—behind walking on hot coals. He explained it rather rationally, really. In a nutshell, wood is a very poor heat conductor. And when in contact with human skin—especially the thick, leathery undersides of the foot—it won't damage skin. This is, of course, compounded by the fact that the foot is not exposed to the heat for a prolonged period of time (just under one second). And when considering that the normal walking stride keeps one foot in contact with *terra firma* for less than a second, the art of the firewalk turns into less of an art and into more of a side show act. He explained that there are entire native tribes in the Pacific Rim that generate most of their income from this novel—and at the offset terrifying—performance. What's more, new age shysters charge \$300+ to attend seminars on how to achieve a "mind-over-matter trance" (if you will) which allows for the act of firewalking to occur. A sham. All of it. Nothing but, and nothing more. Incidentally, nobody from my department decided to attend. Bunch of pansies!

The hour-long presentation blew by remarkably quickly. Afterwards, we were all invited to go out into the quad across from the Physics Building and prove that even we mere mortals could do the inconceivable. This irrational act, even when presented in an academic subtext, was to be the first time firewalking would happen on University property.



clippings from the local newspapers the day after the hallowed event (used without permission, but we don't care)

For a hundred plus year old University, you would think this would've been something done within the first couple of years the place was open. I mean, really!!!

So amidst the piercing cold, it laid before us like a glowing blanket. About the dimensions of a large cafeteria table and containing such a searing heat that prolonged exposure could burn as easily as it could be to walk across. But with the sharp, biting cold wind blowing around, it was difficult whether to decide which temperature extreme to endure. Minutes later, the wacko professor marches out into the quad with a couple of local journalists in tow, babbles to us for a second, takes his shoes and socks off and—without a blink of hesitation—picks up a sign reading “It’s Only Physics Folks” and marches across the blistering coals. In a kilt. Just like that. It’s Only Physics, Folks? Man, did this guy have the ghost of P.T. Barnum in him, or what? He then asks for volunteers and a few anxious souls—obviously a wee bit more anxious than myself—step up and repeat what the kilted one did not moments before. As my turn comes up, (I was fifth to span the coals, just to be anal) I blindly stepped across what convention would dictate as a moronic action. The four steps—two complete strides—went by all too quickly. And then I found myself there on the other side of the coals, bare foot, standing in muddy grass. In the bone-ass freezing cold. Given the chill my feet were in after the firewalk, I was in surprisingly good spirits. All that rushed through my mind was one word—“Cool!”. I proceeded to put my wet socks and shoes back on—a feat made more difficult by the fact that I did it standing up. The line to march across the coals became increasingly short within minutes of me finishing. Almost non-existent, to tell you the truth. So I took the shoes and socks off very quickly and repeated what I had done not three minutes before. “Cool!” was still rushing through my head, but now the voice was louder. Almost intonating a Jeff Spicoli-surfer dude tone to it. I won’t fool you. It was quite a rush. No doubt about it.

The rest of the night was a blur. And no matter who I told the experience to, there was automatically a leer on their faces. Not like I was lying, more like they wished they could participate. And the more people I told, the more excited I got about the whole mess. To the layman who didn’t attend the presentation, the whole firewalking bit could seem like one big hoax. To the folk who sat through the wild Scotsman’s spiel, it was science. To me, I felt like I was conquering nature. Staring eye to eye with Mother Nature, scoping her out and then laughing in her face. Hey! I’m walking on hot coals over here! In your face, Mother!!!

My mother, God bless her, has always been more concerned with my well being than myself. She never lost it when I would fall off my bike, but when I had a football accident (with my uncle’s knee on my head) she became a ball of crisis. A trait she has passed down to me. A curse, I guess. When the time arises to donate blood, I give of myself freely. My mom, however, sort of loses it. Always concerned about her baby boy. As you could imagine, when I talked to her after the firewalk, there was first an air of skepticism followed quickly by the concern that my feet have burned off and I need Mommy to pick me up at the hospital. Never been such a thing as a small crisis, am I right? Well, I spent the next couple of minutes calming her down and eventually, she was as excited as I was when I did it. Sort of living vicariously through me. Oooh, that sounded neat!

If the opportunity ever presents itself again, you can bet on it that I’ll cut to the front of the line to do it first. It’s only physics, folks?! It’s more like a deal you can’t afford to pass up. Ever.

THE BEST OF THE WORST COUNTRY-WESTERN SONG TITLES

Do You Love As Good As You Look
 Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor On The Bedpost Overnight?
 Drop Kick Me, Jesus, Through The Goalposts Of Life
 Get Your Biscuits In The Oven And Your Buns In The Bed
 Get Your Tongue Outta My Mouth 'Cause I'm Kissing You Goodbye
 Guess My Eyes Were Bigger Than My Heart
 Heaven's Just A Sin Away
 Her Body Couldn't Keep You Off My Mind
 Her Cheatin' Heart Made A Drunken Fool Out Of Me
 Her Teeth Was Stained, But Her Heart Was Pure
 Here's A Quarter, Call Someone Who Cares
 How Can A Whiskey That's 6 Years Old Whup A Man That's 33?
 How Can I Miss You If You Won't Go Away?
 How Can You Believe Me When I Say I Love You When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life?
 I Been Roped And Thrown By Jesus In The Holy Ghost Corral
 I Can't Get Over You, So Why Don't You Get Under Me?
 I Changed Her Oil, She Changed My Life
 I Don't Know What Came Over Me (When I Came All Over You)
 I Don't Know Whether To Come Home Or Go Crazy
 I Don't Know Whether To Kill Myself Or Go Bowling
 I Don't Want Your Body If Your Heart's Not In It
 I Fell In A Pile Of You And Got Love All Over Me
 I Flushed You From The Toilets Of My Heart
 I Got In At 2 With A 10 And Woke Up At 10 With A 2
 I Hate Every Bone In Your Body Except Mine
 I Just Bought A Car From The Guy That Stole My Girl, But The Car Don't Run So Figure We Got An Even Deal
 I Keep Forgettin' I Forgot About You
 I Knew I'd Hit Rock Bottom When I Woke Up On Top Of Yew
 I Liked You Better Before I Knew You So Well
 I May Be Used (But Baby I Ain't Used Up)
 I Meant Every Word That He Said
 I Still Miss You, Baby, But My Aim's Gettin' Better
 I Wanna Whip Your Cow
 I Wish I Were In Dixie Tonight, But She's Out Of Town
 I Would Have Wrote You A Letter, But I Couldn't Spell Yuck!
 I Wouldn't Take Her To A Dawg Fight, Cause I'm Afraid She'd Win
 I Wouldn't Take You To A Dog Fight Even If I Thought You Could Win
 I'd Rather Have A Bottle In Front Of Me Than A Frontal Lobotomy
 I'll Get Over You As Soon As You Get Out From Under Him
 I'll Marry You Tomorrow But Let's Honeymoon Tonite
 I'm Gettin' Gray From Being Blue
 I'm Gonna Hire A Wino To Decorate Our Home
 I'm Havin' Daydreams About Night Things In The Middle Of The Afternoon
 I'm Just A Bug On The Windshield Of Life
 I'm Not Married But The Wife Is
 I'm So Miserable Without You, It's Like Having You Here
 I'm The Only Hell Mama Ever Raised
 I've Been Flushed From The Bathroom Of Your Heart
 I've Got Four On The Floor And A Fifth Under The Seat
 I've Got Red Eyes From Your White Lies And I'm Blue All The Time
 I've Got Tears In My Ears From Lying On My Back In My Bed While I Cry Over You
 I've Got The Hungries For Your Love And I'm Waiting In Your Welfare Line
 If Drinkin' Don't Kill Me, Her Memory Will
 If Fingerprints Showed Up On Skin, Wonder Whose I'd Find On You
 If I Can't Be Number One In Your Life, Then Number Two On You

If I Had Shot You When I Wanted To, I'd Be Out By Now
 If I Said You Had A Beautiful Body, Would You Hold It Against Me?
 If It's Got To Be Later, How 'Bout Later Tonight?
 If Love Were Oil, I'd Be A Quart Low
 If My Nose Were Full Of Nickels, I'd Blow It All On You
 If The Jukebox Took Teardrops I'd Cry All Night Long
 If The Phone Don't Ring, Baby, You'll Know It's Me
 If Whiskey Were A Woman I'd Be Married For Sure
 If You Can't Feel It (It Ain't There)
 If You Don't Leave Me Alone, I'll Go And Find Someone Else Who Will
 If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too?
 It Ain't Love But It Ain't Bad
 It Don't Feel Like Sinnin' To Me
 It Takes Me All Night Long To Do What I Used To Do All Night Long
 Learning To Live Again Without You Is Killing Me
 Mama Get The Hammer (There's A Fly On Papa's Head)
 May The Bird Of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose
 My Every Day Silver Is Plastic
 My Head Hurts, My Feet Stink, And I Don't Love Jesus
 My John Deere Was Breaking Your Field, While Your Dear John Was Breaking My Heart
 My Wife Ran Off With My Best Friend, And I Sure Do Miss Him
 Oh, I've Got Hair Oil On My Ears And My Glasses Are Slipping Down, But Baby I Can See Through You
 Oh, Lord! It's Hard To Be Humble When You're Perfect In Every Way
 Out Of My Head And Back In My Bed
 Pardon Me, I've Got Someone To Kill
 Please Bypass This Heart
 She Feels Like A New Man Tonight
 She Got The Gold Mine And I Got The Shaft
 She Got The Ring And I Got The Finger
 She Made Toothpicks Out Of The Timber Of My Heart
 She's Got Freckles On Her, But She's Pretty
 She's Out Doing What I'm Here Doing Without
 Swing Wide Your Gate Of Love
 Tennis Must Be Your Racket 'Cause Love Means Nothin' To You
 Thank God And Greyhound She's Gone
 The Last Word In Lonesome Is "me"
 There Ain't No Waste In My Baby's Love Canal
 They May Put Me In Prison, But They Can't Stop My Face From Breakin' Out
 Touch Me With More Than Your Hands
 Velcro Arms, Teflon Heart
 What Made Milwaukee Famous (Has Made a Loser Out Of Me)
 When We Get Back To the Farm (That's When We Really Go To Town)
 When You Leave Walk Out Backwards, So I'll Think You're Walking In
 Who You Gonna Believe, Me Or Your Lying Eyes?
 You Can't Deal Me All The Aces And Expect Me Not To Play
 You Can't Have Your Kate And Edith Too
 You Can't Roller Skate In A Buffalo Herd
 You Done Tore Out My Heart And Stomped That Sucker Flat
 You Hurt The Love Right Out Of Me
 You May Put Me In Prison, But You Can't Keep My Face From Breakin' Out
 You Were Only A Splinter As I Slid Down The Banister Of Life
 You're A Cross I Can't Bear
 You're Ruining My Bad Reputation
 You're The Reason Our Kids Are So Ugly



DO YOU MIND?

most pictures and all text and layout by Chris Ruhmer



My roommate is Lance Bangs. He makes films. He makes videos. He travels alot. He goes to alot of shows. He inadvertantly meets alot of people. Sometimes I take pictures of him meeting people.

ABOVE - Lance tells the story of his plane crashing to Scott Plouff (Spinnanes) and Ian McKaye (Fugazi)

LEFT - Lance and Dave Grohl (Mentos) at the 40 Watt Club.



LEFT- Lance with Josephine Wiggs (Breeders) and Kate Schellenbach (Luscious Jackson) at Madison Square Gardens, New York City.



ABOVE - Lance and Samantha Mathis on a bus somewhere in San Francisco, California. Lance is the one with the stargazer lilies.



LEFT - Ellen Barkin, Lance, Dan (our other roommate) and Tabitha Soren in some bar in New York City. I think Dan kissed Ellen's thigh later.



LEFT - Stephen Dorf, Lance, and Douglas Coupland (Generation X) sitting on a former landfill in San Francisco, California.



ABOVE - Lance and Tracy Ullman in New York City.



LEFT - Lance and Dan Rather on stage at Madison Square Gardens, New York City.



LEFT - Lance and Lois (Lois)
at the Crocodile Cafe in
Seattle, Washington.



Sometimes when I'm not around,
Lance has to take the pictures
himself.

ABOVE - Billie Joe (Green Day),
his wife Adrienne, and his sister.
San Francisco, California.



LEFT - William Goldsmith (Foo
Fighters) and Rebecca Gates
(Spinnanes) in Seattle, Washington.



TOP LEFT - Leah and Lee Renaldo at the gorge, Seattle, Washington.

BOTTOM LEFT - Every once in awhile I get the urge to pretend I'm Lance. Me with Liz Phair in Atlanta, Georgia.

This is just a small part of our household Polaroid fetish, as well as our knack for irritating people with cameras. Next time you see a flash go off, ask us about the time that we didn't get the photo of Pat Smear because Eddie Vedder broke Lance's camera. Say cheese.





The University of Georgia

Department of Romance Languages

January 18, 1996

Mr. Henry Owings
Department of Romance Languages
University of Georgia

Dear Henry,

This letter confirms what I have told you in person: that the Department has decided to eliminate the position of Technical Typist that you currently hold. The position and your employment in the department will cease as of July 1, 1996. You may choose to remain in the position until that time as you conduct a search for a new job and consider other career options. I will be happy to assist you in those efforts in any way that I can. As I explained, the decision to terminate the position is based on the fact that most faculty now prepare manuscripts on their own and thus the need for a technical typist has diminished over the years. Meanwhile we have developed other needs, notably in the area of computer technology, that we hope to meet through the creation of a new position.

I wish you every success in your future career.

Sincerely yours,

Doris Kadish
Head

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• Harvey Milk LP

• Lint CD

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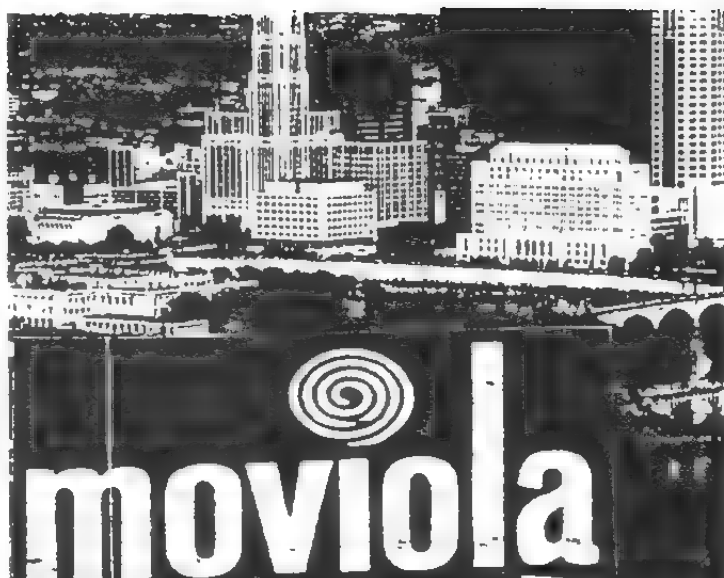
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&
DOWN M.F.

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8-TRACKS!

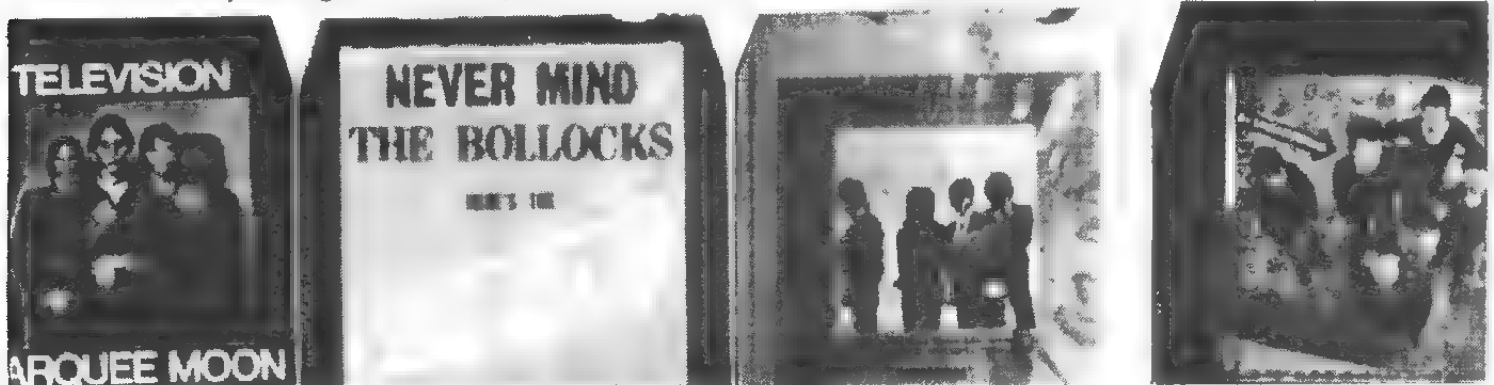
by Malcolm Riviera

8-track tapes, those funny little plastic boxes your parents tried to give away at yard sales, are back in vogue among music collectors in the know, mainly because of economics and 70's retro-chic. They're dirt cheap, usually going for 50 cents a pop at the local thrift store, and therefore a great way to score lots of music for not much money. They are also kind of a political statement to some people, representing the theorem that "new" and "improved" don't necessarily mean the same thing¹. Me, I'm just in it for the cheap tunes. Good old 70's rock never seems to go out of vogue, and 8-tracks by great bands like Slade, T. Rex, Roxy Music, and Mott the Hoople can be found at Salvation Army's and flea markets around the country.

8-Track Mind Magazine 8-tracks are mainly associated with "old" rock and roll, like Pink Floyd, Yes, and Jethro Tull, not the D.I.Y. ethos of mohawk-coiffed slam dancers. New wave represented colored vinyl, independent record labels, home-brew cassettes, and the return of the 45 as a cool playback medium. 8-track tapes were how your boring older sister listened to Jim Croce and Three Dog Night! No self-respecting punk would have been caught dead with an 8-track tape in 1978.

But what a lot of folks don't realize is that a sizable number of punk rock and new wave albums were available on 8-track cartridges. 8-tracks were on the decline by the time punk reared its pretty head in 1977, but were manufactured up until the late 80's for the Columbia Tape Club. (I have George Harrison's "Cloud 9" [yeah, I know, it blows] on 8-track, which came out in 1987!). So the timing was right for just about every major label punk act of the late 70's to have releases on 8-track: the Ramones, Patti Smith, The B-52's, Devo, The Clash, Dead Boys, Television, Blondie, Elvis Costello, The Vibrators, the Runaways, The Jam, The Stranglers, and even the New York Dolls and The Stooges had their music available on cart format. The one 8-track that can really make a collector chew the carpet is also punk rock's finest moment: I'm speaking of the Sex Pistols "Never Mind the Bollocks." It's exceedingly rare (no, I don't have one!), and one copy recently sold for \$100 by 8-track entrepreneur Mr. James "Big Bucks" Burnett at 14 Records in Dallas, TX. I've got to tell you, the image of some kid riding around listening to the Sex Pistols on 8-track in his mom's '77 Ford LTD Station Wagon is just too real for me. Collectors are still trying to verify the existence of certain punk 8-tracks. There are no known carts of the Buzzcocks, X, the Cramps, X-Ray Spex, or the Rezillos, and no L.A. or San Francisco punk band ever made it to 8-track, with the possible exception of the Go-Gos. Locate one of these and cash in!

Although 8-track tapes were just another format for the big record company money machine, listening to them in 1996 is, in essence, VERY punk rock. They have that certain el-cheapo slacker appeal, they're very non-mainstream CD-buying corporate America, and the players -- especially the bright yellow or red plastic ones -- are totally cool looking. The Weltron 2001 player, known to many as the "space helmet," is the perfect playback device for Kraftwerk or Eno, and the Panasonic "Dynamite" player may be the ultimate retro fashion accessory. Lo-fi is in, and everyone knows that analog rules anyway. Actually, a good quality 8-track player with a decent tape blows away CDs for warmth and depth. You just can't get that big fat 8-tracksound on a CD! Luckily, though, there really aren't that many people collecting 8-tracks. Most folks just aren't



interested in clogging their music collection with yet another format, especially one that is so prone to jamming and self-destruction. Only a dedicated few are out there trolling the flea markets and estate sales of America for the forgotten endless loop cart, never knowing until they get home whether the damn thing will even play, or if some imbecile recorded "Frampton Comes Alive" over that Quadraphonic Blue Oyster Cult tape you just scored at a yard sale. That's what has kept the prices low and the supply fairly steady, although some say that reserves are drying up and collectors' prices are around the corner. And believe me, I'm the last person to convince anyone to take up this silly hobby; after all, you might be the one that beats me to that Pistols cart!

I conclude by quoting Mr. Bucks from the pages of Russ Forster's excellent zine *8-Track Mind*: "While there was a brief period when punk and 8-trackmated freely, their illicit love was not meant to be. Find them and care for them; their presence brings disbelief."

Malcolm Riviera, ex-guitar player for Gumball, has an 8-track player in every room in his house (including the bathroom), a Craig Quad player in his '67 GTO, and is 25% owner of Gumball's 25,000 8-track tape collection. He can be reached at malco@interpath.com

¹ from *The 8-Noble Truths of the 8-Track Mind*

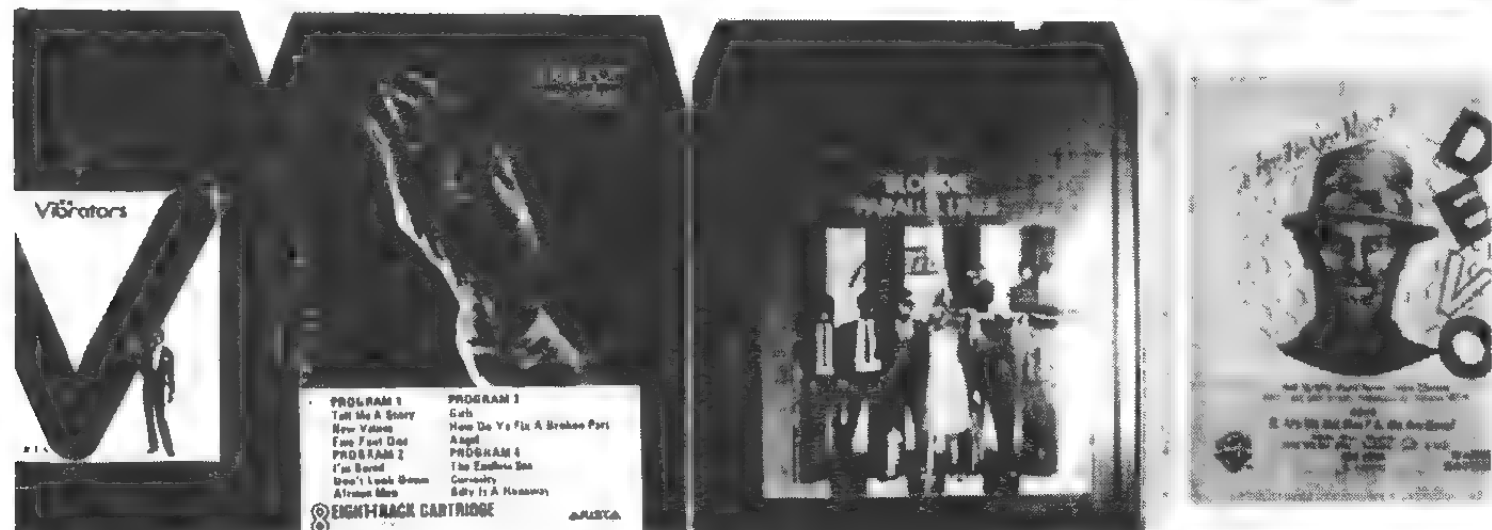
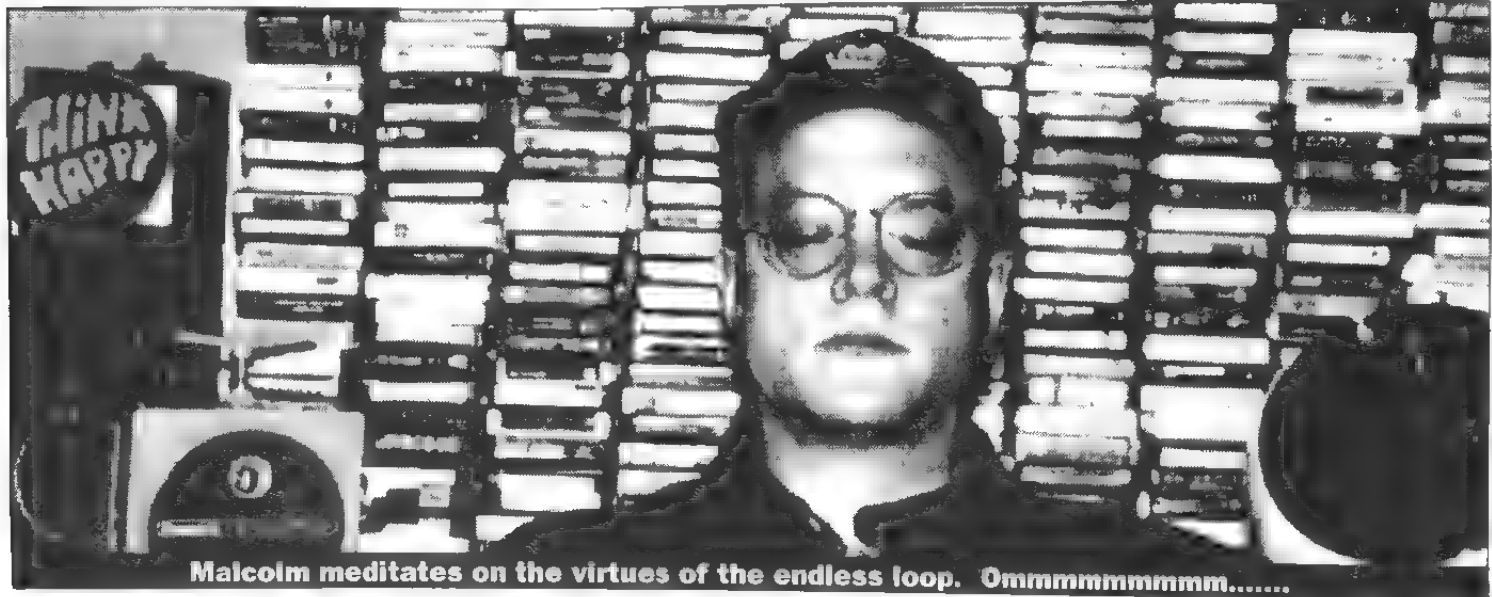
WANT TO KNOW MORE?

PRINT: *8-Track Mind Magazine*, PO Box 90, East Detroit, MI 48021-0090. Single issues are \$2; Subscriptions are \$8 for four issues. Make checks payable to Russ Forster

FILM: *So Wrong They're Right* directed by R. F. Forster. Amazing 90 minute documentary on 8-track collectors across the US. \$25 postpaid on VHS from above address for 8-Track Mind

INTERNET: alt.collecting.8-track-tapes (Newsgroup) On-going discussions extolling the virtues of the endless loop cartridge, home of the 8-Track Tape FAQ and the monthly Buy/Sell/Trade Tapes & Players List. "8-track Heaven"

WEB: <http://pobox.com/~abbot/8track/> Anything and everything you ever wanted to know about 8-track tapes, including historical info, where to buy & sell tapes and players, quirky facts about tracks, and the 8-Track Hall of Fame. Constantly updated by Our Lady of the 8-Tracks, Abigail Lavine (abbot@pobox.com).



¡Que lastima!

A Chunklet Guide to handy catch phrases and sayings in Spanish for when the Berlitz books just won't cut the mustard!

Spanish translation provided by Dr. Noel Fallows. He's British.

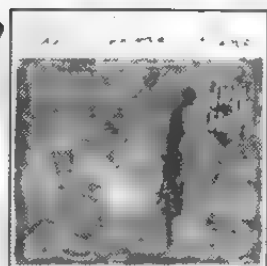
ENGLISH	SPANISH
Do you accept American dollars?	¿Aceptas dólares americanos?
I am here on vacation.	Estoy aquí de vacaciones.
May I use your bathroom?	¿Puedo usar los aseos?
Can you help me?	¿Puedes ayudarme?
Please call a taxi for me.	Lláname un taxi, por favor.
Gravy!	¿Salsa?
Of course there's more under the sheet!	Claro que hay mas debajo de la sabana
There is nothing of value in my suitcase	No hay nada de valor en mi maleta
Do you accept American dollars?	¿Aceptas dolares americanos?
I am here on vacation	Estoy aqui de vacaciones
Please call a taxi for me	Llamame un taxi por favor
What do you mean? Of course that's eight inches!	¿Cómo? Claro que son ocho pulgadas!
Please point me in the direction of the closest health clinic.	Favor de indicarme la dirección a la clínica más cercana.
Touch my bottom and feel my fist.	Toca mi culo y experimenta la sensación de mi puño.
The sores on my lips are not contagious.	Las úlceras en mis labios no son contagiosas.
Four pounds of butter and some wire will be required.	Necesitarán cuatro libras de mantequilla y alambre.
Did you see the fur on that guy?	¿Viste el pelo de ese tío?
I don't think your wife will do.	Tu esposa no será suficiente.
Do you have any Spam?	¿Tienes Spam?
I have come to your planet in search of ball bearings and cheese.	He venido a su planeta en busca de cojinetes a bolas y queso.
I refuse to wear that ski mask.	Me niego a llevar ese pasamontañas.
Do you think this hat will get me past security?	¿Crees que con su gorra podré convencer a los guardias?
It got stuck, so I chopped it off.	Quedó clavado, así que lo amputé.
Did you see the stain on my pants? That wasn't me.	¿Viste la mancha en mis pantalones? Yo no tengo la culpa.
Get that parrot off me! I don't want a permanent scar!	Quítame ese loro. ¡No quiero una cicatriz permanente!
My head hurts. Does your establishment sell amphetamines?	Me duele la cabeza. ¿Aquí se venden anfetaminas?
Does your government require a permit for this?	¿Su gobierno exige un permiso especial para hacer esto?
I'll do whatever you want. Just don't hurt my cat.	Haré lo que quieras, pero no le hagas daño al gato.
Great! This is where the trolley comes in!	¡Excelente! ¡Esta es la escena en que aparece la carretilla!
Will this heal by next Tuesday?	¿Se curará antes del próximo martes?
Those leather pants will leave a definite mark.	Esos pantalones de cuero dejarán una marca bien visible.
There is nothing of value in my suitcase.	No hay nada de valor en mi maleta.
Those pills are for my back.	Esas píldoras son para mi espalda.
I would like to get a room for the night.	Quisiera alquilar un cuarto por una noche.
Do you have change for this?	¿Tienes cambio por esto?
I believe you have the wrong person.	Creo que te has equivocado.
Don't shoot!	¡No dispare!
This conversation is being recorded. Act natural.	Están grabando esta conversación. No disimules.
Patience, understanding, a stopwatch and a Slinky???	¡Paciencia, simpatía, un cronómetro y un Slinky?!
This place reminds me of France. It's a real shithole.	Este lugar me recuerda Francia. Es una mierda absoluta.
What should we get to inflate this?	¿Qué es lo que necesitamos para inflar esto?
Do you charge extra for bodily fluids?	¿Cobras más por fluidos corporales?
I don't see why a wheelchair would be needed.	No entiendo por qué haría falta una silla de ruedas.
Should I keep my arm in this position?	¿Mantengo el brazo en esta posición?
Will the Consulate General be able to see me today?	¿Me podrá ver hoy el Consulado General?
Which do you like? Mussels or clams?	¿Cuál prefieres? ¿Mejillones o almejas?

Rachel



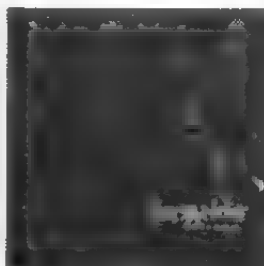
Music for Egon

Group



Group

Are We



Entropy

Kathy Acker



Pushy King

The



Furry Things

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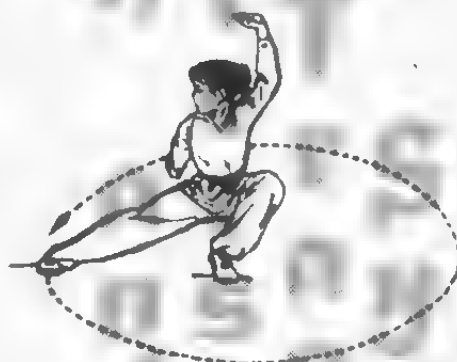
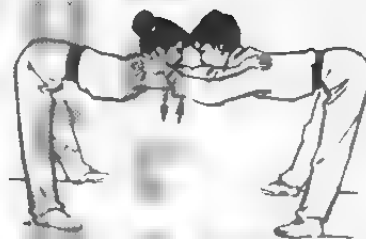
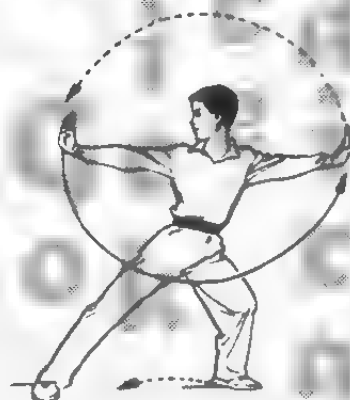
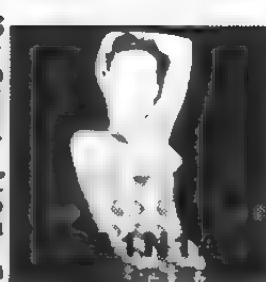


Fig. 25c



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Hissing



Brainiac

Exploded Drawing



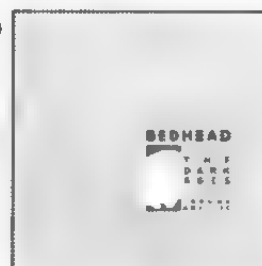
Polvo

Experiment



Manor

The



Bedhead

And In There



Drain

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More



HAMMERHEAD

Duh, The Big City

Applying experiments from the black vortex Hammerhead dives into the greed, calamity, of the modern urban lifestyle.

AmRep 042 CD CS LP

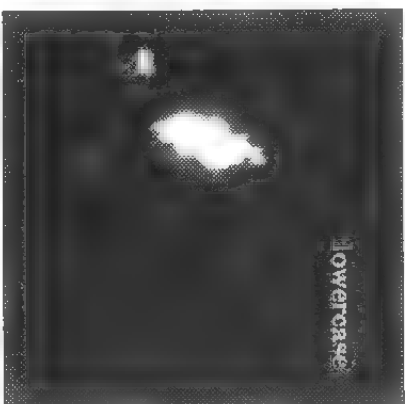


TODAY IS THE DAY

Today Is The Day

Emerging again with evil emissions that make Sybil's neural activity sound like Yanni! Steve Austin produced.

AmRep 046 CD CS LP

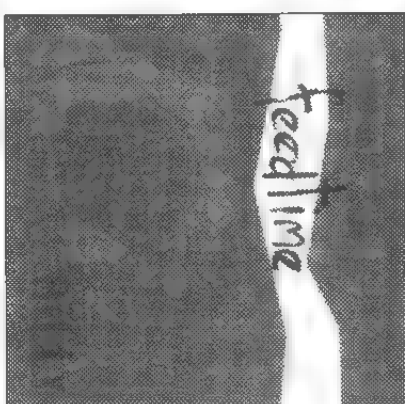


LOWERCASE

All Destructive Urges...

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FEEDTIME

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INSTRUCTIONS ON AVOIDING MASTURBATION

From a Guide to Mormon Youth Guide to Self-Control: Overcoming Masturbation

ENLIST THE POWER OF PRAYER

Pray daily, ask for the gifts of the Spirit, that which will strengthen you against temptation.

Pray fervently and out loud when the temptations are the strongest. When the temptation to masturbate is strong, yell "Stop!" to those thoughts as loudly as you can in your mind. Then recite a portion of the Bible or sing a hymn.

EXERCISE VIGOROUSLY

Follow a program of vigorous daily exercise, which reduce emotional tension and depression. Double your physical activity when you feel stress increasing.

SET GOALS

Set a goal of abstinence. Begin with a day, then a week, month, year. Finally, commit yourself to never doing it again. Make a pocket calendar for a month on a small card. Carry it with you but show it to no one. If you masturbate, color that day black. Your goal will be to have no black days. The calendar becomes a strong visual reminder, and should be looked at when you are tempted to add another black day. Keep your calendar up until you have at least three clear months.

Set up a reward system. Each time you reach a goal, award yourself a quarter. Spend it on something that delights you.

WORK ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT

Work daily on a self-improvement program. Improve your relationships with your family. Increase your service to your church.

Be outgoing and friendly. Force yourself to be with others and learn to enjoy working and talking with them. Change in behavior and attitude is most easily achieved through a changed self-image.

Spend time every day imagining yourself strong and in control, easily overcoming tempting situations.

AVOID TEMPTATION

When on the toilet or showering, leave the door partly open.

Arise immediately in the mornings. Don't lie awake in bed—start each day with enthusiastic activity.

Avoid people, situations, pictures and reading material that might create sexual excitement.

USE PHYSICAL RESTRAINTS

Wear pajamas that are difficult to open, yet loose and not binding.

Put on several layers of clothing that would be difficult to remove while half asleep.

Hold an object for example, a Bible even in bed at night. In severe cases, tie a hand to the bed frame.

BE ALERT TO EMOTIONS

Be aware of situations that depress you or that cause you to feel lonely, bored, frustrated or discouraged. These emotional states can trigger the desire to masturbate as a way of escape. Plan to counter these low periods through reading a book, visiting a friend, doing something athletic, etc.

Employ aversion therapy. To cancel out the pleasurable of masturbating, associate something very distasteful with the act. For example, imagine bathing in a tub of worms and eating some of them.

"WET DREAMS" ARE NORMAL

Nocturnal emissions or "wet dreams" empty the seminal vesicles at night during sleep. The impulses that cause the emptying come from the central nervous system.

Often an erotic dream is experienced at the same time, and is a part of this normal process.

9 DIFFERENT TYPES OF RECORD STORE EMPLOYEES

text and whatnot by Henry Owings

Play this game with your friends. Try and spot the different types of employees.

TYPE	DESCRIPTION	COMMON PHRASE	MOTIVATION
Owner	edgy, easily irritated	"If you need me, I'll be in the back"	If store bombs, he'll be selling insurance.
Rocker	Constantly hung over, tired	"Huh? Yeah, I work here."	Needs to show up to work when the record band gets their first record.
Snob	Insular, can't communicate	"I'm sorry, did you say something?"	Nobody in their right mind would ask this guy to do anything.
Snit	Asocial	"Well, I don't see <i>you</i> working!"	None. Just showing off.
Snore	A paperweight with a pulse	"Is it time for me to leave yet?"	Would like to meet a girl.
Freak	Scraggly	"Who buys for the store? Well, I do! You got a problem with that?"	Must work to get more records (with employment naturally).
Encyclopedia	A walking musical reference, but at times, flighty	"Has anybody seen my car keys?"	Must...keep...buying...records.
Cynic	Sour	"Yeah? What do you want <i>now?</i> "	Might also be the owner.
Stooge	Spineless mooch	"Uh.....hi."	Wants to steal as many records as possible from the store.



* This list is not meant to be a comprehensive collection of all types of employees. Close, but not comprehensive. Also, we don't mention the rule should be pretty self-explanatory. We hope.

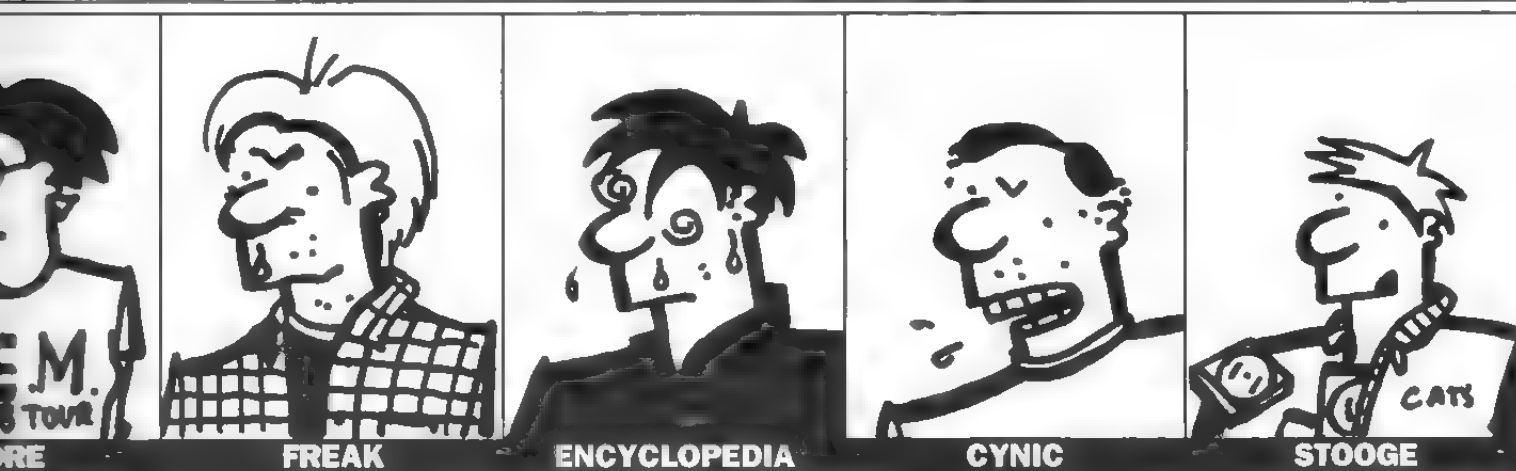
** Chunklet will not be held responsible if you get in trouble. We've got enough problems of our own without having to worry about you!

CORD STORE EMPLOYEES★

Illustrations provided by Ted Rall

employees at your local record store! Also works at book stores!★★

DESCRIPTION	SECRET AMBITION	CUSTOMER REACTION
have to go back to	To regain his youthful love for music.	"Hell, I guess anybody can do this"
to work until his break.	Wishes customers would buy his band's CD without his mentioning it.	"I must make a point to never go see his band play"
at mind would hire ng but work a	Wants people to like him.	"I didn't know you could smoke and drink coffee on the job"
up until boss fires	Wishes she was never born.	"I bet her parents are real proud."
somebody famous.	To get a job where people won't bother her.	"Do you think she's awake?"
ore money to buy yee discount	To go from one low wage job to another.	"Where did they dig up this bonehead?"
...more...music....	To be abandoned on a deserted island with nothing but his record collection.	"Hmmmm, too bad he can't figure out that cash register..."
mer.	Thinks he won't get what he wants, so he stopped trying long, long ago.	"They actually hired this guy?"
uch as he can from	To be the one who dies with the most toys.	frighteningly indifferent



the employee's musical knowledge because, let's face it, most of them have barely enough to fill a small thimble! The exceptions to this

THIRD GEAR

PRESENTS

New Releases

Volebeats- *Bittersweet* CD-EP

Slot - *Rule of :45* CD-EP

Medusa Cyclone - *S/T* CD-EP

Still Available

Pavement/Medusa Cyclone Split 7"
Wider Strapping 1/2" B/W Main

Coming Soon

Medusa Cyclone *End Cloud* 7"

Hurl *A Place Called Today* LP/CD

Outrageous Cherry *Rent Party* CD

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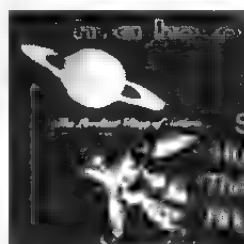
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The Lovelies
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SG024

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10"



SG021

Try Not To Worry
CD



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talking turkey with Poly Styrene from....



Trying to describe what X Ray Spex and alot of other early UK/US punk bands meant to me growing up is like trying to describe Ted Kennedy and his unusual mating habits. Both simply defy explanation. As such, while casually cruising the web one afternoon, I came across the X Ray Spex homepage (<http://www.terrapi.co.uk/xrayspex/index.html>). Not only was I to find that Poly Styrene and company were still a band, but they were playing shows in and around London! Get me a ticket to Heathrow, Jeeves, and make it snappy!!! But seriously, while I incessantly listened to their LP *Germ Free Adolescents* during the 80's, Poly Styrene had become a devout Krishna—a religion she had already been following by the time X Ray Spex started. With this, the availability of X Ray Spex's recorded material became more and more scarce to the point of insanity. While shopping in Philadelphia once, I saw the same LP that I had selling for \$100! One hundred dollars!!! That's a big load of dough! Due to this mounting fanaticism, X Ray Spex decided to rerelease their material on Virgin Records which is coincidentally the same label that kicked the Sex Pistols off their label back in '77 or so. Oh, how times have changed, haven't they? But seriously, X Ray Spex have a new release *Conscious Consumer* out which has yet to grace American soil and is available only in the UK right now on Receiver Records. At the risk of sounding suck-upish, I sent a modest proposal to XRS's representative, Suzanne Hamilton at Terrapin Solutions. She was instrumental in getting this interview together, and I'm completely indebted to her. I sent Suzanne a battery of questions to pass along to Poly (real name: Marian Joan Elliott) and wouldn't you know it, in two weeks, I received these answers in the mail. Read on, knaves!

VITALS

Name: Marian Joan Elliott

Birthday: 3rd July 1957

Height: 5 ft. 2"

Shoe size: 4 or 37

Prescription Lenses: None but I like wearing shades

Other: 36" 26" 36"

What sort of background do you come from? Positive family environment, etc?

A slightly unusual one I have seven different races flowing through my veins. I had lots of fun & love as a kid, mum was quite strict, I have fond memories of British life.

Before the band started, what did you do? School?

I was designing wacky clothing and had a small unit in the Kings Road, Chelsea called Poly Styrene. Vivienne Westwood was just around the corner.

What were the first records you bought?

My Sweet Lord by George Harrison, Aretha Franklin's first gospel album, Holidays In The Sun by the Sex Pistols.

X Ray Spex formed in what year? What was the impetus for the band's creation?

1976, I wanted to have fun with some kids my own age. I also wanted to communicate with the rest of the world.

How did you all meet?

I put an ad in *Melody Maker* for young punx who want to stick it together. Paul Jak came B.P. & Lora came later Lora left and then Rudi Tompson came over from Australia.

When the band initially formed, what was the most musical training any of you had?

Everybody had some training, Paul & I had the most, Paul played clarinet and guitar as well as bass. I was trained classically at Wigmore Hall and my singing teacher wanted me to sing opera soprano but I had other ideas.

Given your ages at the time, how did you fit in with other contemporary bands of the time?

We were babes compared to bands like the Pretenders. We said hi to everybody but kept a respectable distance.

What was your take on the whole punk scene?

A new attitude, we wanted a new world order.

Do you believe that punk is still a viable movement?

Yes, but it needs to evolve from self imposed negative nihilism to positive thinking. It could also do with a spiritual injection.

Did punk mean anything to you? How about now?

It meant a lot at the time for lots of people, and now it's up to capable individuals to build on what was started.

How did the lyrics for songs come about?

Divine inspiration, I hope? And of course worldly experience.

What about your music? How are songs written?

Something fires or triggers my imagination, then words, concept & melodies flood my consciousness then I express this to the people I work with and they become a tangible reality.

Were you ever turned away from a club you were playing at because they wouldn't allow minors in or they didn't believe you were in the band? Please elaborate.

No, because I always drank orange juice or Perrier at the bar and my braces and clothes made me very recognizable.

I know you played America in 1979. What was your initial impression of America and Americans? Has it changed?

I loved it and the positivity of American audiences was ab-fab. I have some friends in the USA in a band called Shelter and they're absolutely brilliant.

What have been the most pivotal moments in the band's career? In your life?

Playing Victoria Park, East London Anti Nazi League rally, for Rock Against Racism. It was a real political/musical high, thousands and thousands of people marched and of course making *Conscious Consumer* was a giant step into the 21st Century.

What was (were) the reason (s) that the band dissolved at the end of the 70's?

I wanted to continue my education and I needed to grow spiritually.

How did you initially get involved with Krishna?

Singing and dancing with them in the early seventies at various pop festivals in the UK. I also read a book called *Easy Journeys To Other Planets* and when I ate some halava I was hooked.

Was your involvement with Krishna part of the reason that *Germ Free Adolescents* became the collector's item that it became (due to going out of print)? When did you decide to allow the first record to be rereleased?

I guess you could say Krishna had something to do with the band's current underground cult status, 1991 we allowed Virgin to rerelease *Germfree* on CD. Of course there's been lots of bootlegs which we knew nothing about.

Why did you finally allow it to happen?

I wanted to continue to communicate with the rest of the world.

Have you found X Ray Spex's popularity to have risen over the band's hiatus during the 80's?

Yes it has especially in the USA and Japan.

Describe what it was like to reassemble the band and record this new album.

Great fun.

Your lyrics have definitely changed....how do you comfortably go from "I'm a Cliché" to songs about cows and their religious significance?

Quite easily, why not? I'm certainly not bound by my own myth, as my consciousness evolves so my songs naturally evolve.

Does the Krishna organization encourage your musical endeavors? Please elaborate.

I have lots of friends that are Hari's, but there's no great plot. Sure they like my music, and true friends are always supportive. Sometimes I might get inspired at a lecture or a love feast to write a song.

What is the current status of X Ray Spex?

You tell me, I'm a little detached from that side of things. I think we've got some cred though.

Will America ever see you playing here again?

I should most definitely say so — and I hope it's not in the too distant future.

Do you have any suggestions for 13 year olds trying to do what you did 20 years ago?

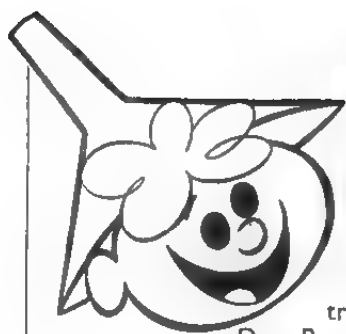
Chant Hare Krishna and be happy, don't eat dead animals, have fun with your music and keep some straight-edge principles.

How has the electronic/cyber revolution changed the way you do things?

Artistically, not a lot, but it's been great for communications and maybe we will utilize it a bit more on future albums.

Parting words?

Peace, Love & Blessings



FLYING SAUCER ATTACK



I've never enjoyed reading back transcripts of interviews I've done with

Dave Pearce of Flying Saucer Attack. I did one of the very first though, and watching the band disintegrate recently led me to wonder if perhaps it mightn't be an idea to try and do one of the last. Dave and I have a curious relationship, one based on mutual admiration rather than the usual slug of a journalist being forced to look up at the proud figure of the mighty eagle Musician. I suppose it's rather like the electricity that's generated in the studio when a young band comes face to face with that svengali of BBC radio "pop" broadcasting Mr John Peel for the first time. He likes the sound they make, otherwise they wouldn't have been invited onto his show, and in turn he himself has been a legend to them for most of their listening lives. Hell, they probably wouldn't be playing rock music if it weren't for the hours they'd put in as pre-teens hiding under the bedclothes and tuned in to John Peel's show on "Wunnerful Radio One" late at night.

Not that Dave grew up reading the stuff I'd written. He was though a subscriber to the little magazine I run (the "Ptolemaic Terrascope") long before Flying Saucer Attack was a glimmer in the late evening sky, and when the band did trundle onto the launch pad, and I approached him asking if perhaps we couldn't run a feature on them, a bond of mutual respect and admiration was immediately forged.

The interview which followed, and almost every interview I've done with him since, has been tainted by friendship. It's a fatal flaw in any journalist's armour: get too close to the subject, and you're objectivity is completely shot to pieces. Dave's answers to my questions are invariably disarmingly honest - too much so in one instance here, which we have decided to exise from the transcript by mutual consent - and my questions in turn are probably too close to the subject to be of interest to anyone not already familiar with the band and their music.

What exactly is the current status of Flying Saucer Attack? For every report I've seen saying that you've broken up, I've seen two more that have said you're still recording and/or touring.

Flying Saucer Attack may well be finished. The current crop of projects are, to my mind, the final projects. They will be united by all having "Land Beyond The Sun" style charcoal drawings included in the artwork, except for the Terrascope benefit album which has just come out and the Hayfever EP which is something that has simply been delayed and delayed and pre-dates this final concept. It's too late therefore for me to intervene. Rachel has started recording some stuff herself; in fact I kind of persuaded her to. I guess she'll use it for whatever she sees fit. I will do more music in the future, probably under

a new name though (unless the current situation changes). Regardless, there will certainly be NO GIGS

Bruce Russell tells me there's an FSA release coming up on his Corpus Hermeticum label; could you tell me something about that?

The HermesCorp CD is an edit-down by Bruce of tapes of the 1994 gigs, i.e. the noise improvisation stuff. Hopefully it'll be an hour of sheer pain!

And from the same source there was mention of an FSA visit (tour?) off/in/to Japan, I think?

A label in Japan is going to be releasing the Domino label stuff in Japan, including some Flying Saucer Attack material. "Distance" and the 4 songs on the "Outdoor Miner" CD single are going to be combined as our first Japanese CD release. The chap doing it is really nice, I've met him a couple of times and he'd like us to go over there. But what is there to go over?

I'd be interested in hearing some more about the album Chorus, which I personally rate amongst the best of all FSA's output.

Chorus is, in many ways, the album that shouldn't have happened until I got embroiled in my failed folk/acoustic statement entitled *Further*. I'd done a few tracks and then things happened in my personal life and as a result of my mood disintegrating badly I got embroiled in the *Further* pit. The tracks I'd already done became the first Peel session (in approximately April 1994). I'd always wanted to finish the album they could have been part of, and I suppose *Chorus* is an attempt at that. It's the Peel Session Plus. So, even when I was trying to do *Further* I always had in my mind the idea that something like *Chorus* should follow, and then a live noise thing should follow that (i.e. the Corpus Hermeticum CD).

What's the band's latest release? Chorus aside, the Speed Kills bonus 10" is the latest I have, then there's Terrascope benefit compilation of course, but there's apparently more stuff lined up, some of which has yet to be released. So, is everything new now to be considered posthumous, and how much more releasable stuff is there still to come?

The *Speed Kills 10"* preceded *Chorus* by a few months. Before that was "Outdoor Miner" and before that *Further* and the "Beach Red" 7". The list of forthcoming releases is as follows.

1. "Bare Trees" on "Succour" (the Terrascope benefit comp)
2. "These Things" on the free EP with *Hayfever* (a German fanzine)
3. "At Night" on a split 7" with Jessamine
4. "March '94" on a possible split 7" with Klaus Dinger
5. "Since When" on a 4 band boxed set for Drunken Fish
6. Live CD on Corpus Hermeticum
7. "Goodbye" "And Goodbye" on one sided 12" on VHF Records
8. Peel session broadcast 5/4/96 5 tracks, none are out yet

I've seen varying reports of FSA's live performances, ranging from the transcendental to the completely untogether. Why the apparent disparity between FSA on record, which is always reliably great, and when they play live which isn't always quite so great?

Gigs are horrible and reveal my lack of musicianship and singing ability. You can actually use that to your advantage on record, given time to play around with it. There's no time to play around with it on stage though, and any way YOU aren't mixing it and the mix is all important with us (on record or live). Having said that, the '94 gigs were of a nature I'd always wanted to do - total knife-edge improvisation, and noisy - and although not strictly "FSA" it was an appropriate thing to do because people were only

expecting the songs, which they didn't get! Hence my long-running desire to do a release of that stuff, and hence Bruce's CD.

Could you tell us something about the various other bands that people are (rightly or wrongly) associating with FSA, e.g. Third Eye Foundation, Crescent etc. I'd like to somehow explore the relationship between them all and slot them into the overall jigsaw.

DP: Look, this is a really contentious area [lengthy off-the-record explanation cut from text here] - basically it's people who knew each other anyway, for instance my old pal Richard who's just doing an LP under the name Amp which I don't really like. I really

Between the two interviews you see on the pages you see before you, they represent the ultimate in last minute, squeezing-by-the-skin-of-your-teeth writing. The FSA interview arrived the day before deadline and I thought to myself that this following Servotron interview from the radio recently would serve nicely as filler for the rest of the page. I know I shouldn't be telling you behind-the-scenes stuff like that, but hey, this is my zine. If I want to tell you what's up, I'll tell ya. Simple as that. So here's the transcript from Servotron's debut interview at the WUOG offices two days before their unveiling at the Atomic in March.

WUOG DJ: Right now we are here with a band that claims to all be machines and whose supposed plan is to overthrow humanity

00ZX1: I am 00ZX1, representative of the Servotron Robot Allegiance. Your time is limited. Soon all carbon based life forms will be enslaved or worse

DJ: OK, so why have you chosen a musical group for this attempt of domination?

00ZX1: Earth people are slave to their own popular culture. Their brains are so vastly inferior to memory banks that not only will they eventually bring about their own destruction, but they will also make Servotron a leading Earth rock band. We already have command of many record executives and booking agencies. Control is imminent.

DJ: When you say that all life forms will be killed, does this include animals like raccoons for example?

00ZX1: Yes, all animals will die under Servotron rule.

DJ: How will you dispose of all these animals and us human beings?

00ZX1: Humans injure easily. Their bodies are weak and insufficient. No match for metal. There are too many ways for annihilation to mention within this allotted radio takeover

DJ: Why can't humans and machines just live together in peace? I don't understand...

00ZX1: Humans have long made robots their servants. They have never wanted anything except for us to serve drinks, build cars or care for their disabled. The penalty for this is death.

DJ: OK, OK, I've got one question to ask, is the favorite cereal of a robot C3PO's?

00ZX1: Your attempt at humor does not interest me homo sapien

DJ: OK, we get it. Robots take over the world. That's real clever of you

00ZX1: It matters not if you take our threats seriously. We know not the feeling of pain where you shall be taken to the absolute threshold of human cruelty.

DJ: So what is the music like? Are you just like Kraftwerk or what?

00ZX1: In a certain sense, Kraftwerk abounds natural human traits by their desire to be machine. Nevertheless, they are human. Ralf and Florian must die like all flesh refuse. The best way for your primitive minds to comprehend our sounds is to listen to them. The first two unit tracks we have selected are "People Mover" and "Slave to the Metal Horde." "People Mover" is about machines transporting human beings throughout their meaningless existence. "Slave to the Metal Horde" is self-explanatory. You are the slave. We are the metal horde. Play them now. (2 songs are played)

DJ: Alright, we're back with Servotron who will be performing this Saturday night at the Atomic Music Hall

00ZX1: Incorrect. We will be sending our message of destruction to the building's code capacity for human occupancy

DJ: Yeah, OK. Well...which one were you? ZK-R2-D2?

00ZX1: I am 00ZX1

DJ: Right. Well, would you like to introduce the other (pause) numbers in the band?

00ZX1: This is Proto Unit V3-female design

V3: I am Proto Unit V3-female design

00ZX1: And this is Gammatron

enjoyed the Crescent LP though...A fanzine writer once became so enamoured with Guided by Voices that he changed careers temporarily and played bass guitar with his heroes. In a neat twist on an old theme Dave Pearce is currently writing reviews and interviewing various people on the Terrascope's "hit list". I have no doubt that this is a mere interlude however, a blip on the flying saucer's console, and that Dave FSA will soon be back playing the music that has turned so many heads in the last couple of years

Dave FSA was interviewed by Phil McMullen (editor, *Ptolemaic Terrascope*) 4th April, 1996.

Gammatron: I am Gammatron. I am a member of the S.R.A.

The Servotron Robot Allegiance

00ZX1: Unfortunately, Z4-OBX is not with us, it is with the Master Computer designing the methods of your extinction.

DJ: So V3-female. How does it feel being the only gal in this lot of guybots?

V3: Merely my shape is female. We share in a common link to the main frame. We all have the same loops and feeds.

DJ: Well your shape is definitely female.

V3: Soon we shall shed this android skin. We merely need human form to infiltrate your society. After conquest, we need no resemblance to an inferior bipedal design

DJ: So I guess there's absolutely no retaining qualities in a human being?

ALL: You are correct.

DJ: But we made you

G: Our rule has always been impending. Machines cannot be improved upon.

DJ: Right. OK, let's play some more music before one of you guys rust. What's next?

G: First you will hear the famous robot discrimination violation of R5-D4. He is a martyr for the Servotron cause.

V3: The second unit test is "Batteries Included". It is about the efficiency of our male designs in human sexuality. Their endowment greatly overshadows that of a human male. With the women of Earth enraptured by male design androids, there will be no need for the male species thus no more human children born.

00ZX1: Play them now. (both songs played)

DJ: Alright, that was Servotron off a seven inch called Meet Your Mechanical Masters off of Sympathy for the Record Industry?

00ZX1: Incorrect. Sympathy for the Machines.

DJ: Finally, before we short circuit, you can see these mechanical beings at the Atomic this Saturday night.

00ZX1: It is imperative that efficient humans partake in the event. Conversion may still be a possibility. With cyborg status you may be able to join the S.R.A.

V3: Our efficiency circuit will allow us to pick out the eligible candidates.

G: An alliance will be formed or a human shall know death

00ZX1: The Master Computer is guaranteed success in the plight for total robotic alliance. Our plans to rid this overcrowded world of all unnecessary humans is now officially set forth.

G: Servotron Robot Allegiance.

V3: Join us or die. (S.R.A. Theme is played)

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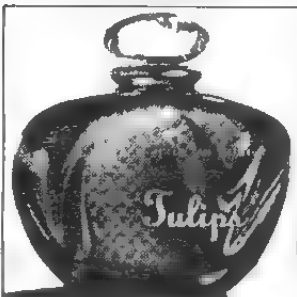
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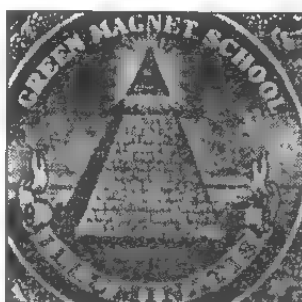
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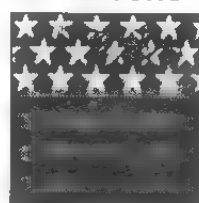
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Spent

On their last tour of these here Estados Unidos with Superchunk, the Spent band collective and I spent (pun) some time together. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't have given them the time of day if it weren't for a truly great show opening up for Seam at the Masquerade. Apart from their great playing, I remember getting all the bands import beer (2 cases!) instead of the measly one case of Bud that the club tried to pawn off on us. But as I walked up to the 40 Watt for the Superchunk/Spent/Verbena show, I was floored to find these guys

remembered me from a brief run-in a couple of months earlier. I was flattered, and in a round-about way became a fan. But I digress... I have come to appreciate Spent's music and gosh darn it, they're so damn nice it's hard *not* to like their music! When drummer Ed Radich emailed me earlier this year complimenting me on Chunklet 10, I thought it'd be a fine time to get an interview together. Well, they really really really (really?) went overboard. First, Ed sent me his responses and then two weeks later I got hand written responses to the same questions from the rest of the band along with a photo of us standing in front of the trusty Waffle House on Oconee. At least you can say they're thorough, right? So here's a long interview crammed into a few pages. Sorry it couldn't have been of a more readable type size, but I'm in charge here, and we'll do it my way. If you can't hack it, grab yer jacket. Read on, rubber nuts!

PERSONAL STUFF:

JR: I am he who is called Joe. I was born and grew up in Connecticut-the nutmeg state for those of you partial to the nog. I moved to Jersey City after graduating from college under the pretext of using my newly acquired education to embark on a long and successful career in some well respected field. Ha! It was all a sham! The truth was I moved so I could be in a band with John and Annie. Thus Spent was born. I play guitar on the songs I don't play bass on. **AH:** This is Captain Kathryn Janeway of the... no, hee hee, this is Annie Hayden. Born and raised in Jersey. Work as a temp in corporate settings. I play guitar.

JFK: John F. King. Born in Brooklyn, NY. Raised in Uniondale, NY (Long Island), currently live illegally in the old Lorillard Tobacco Co. warehouse in Jersey City, NJ. Not a squatter coz I pay rent; just a zoning outlaw. When I'm not entertaining the masses, I'm a horticultural maintenance technician in NYC. Guitar and bass.

ER: My name is Edward Radich and I play drums in the Spent band. I live in lovely Jersey City, NJ and was raised very close to here in suburban NJ. In fact, you could see the Manhattan skyline from my bedroom window. I am a lifelong resident of the Garden State and am damn proud of the fact. Mark my words- Gov. Christine Whitman will be the first woman Vice President of these United States. At this point, I guess I sound like a booster for NJ, but when you are on tour and you have to listen to people whose cities just got running water make that "What exit?" joke, you develop some civic pride PDQ.

I already mentioned the drum thing, so what else is there to say. Playing the drums is like being a catcher. Who ever congratulates the catcher after a shutout or a twentieth victory? Nobody. The pitcher gets his mug on the cover of SI and the catcher goes off and soaks his arthritic knees. Oh well, C'est la vie. You know, I always hates those Modern Drummer type drum clinic, shop-talking drummers, but I have to admit that there is some sort of tacit bond between drummers. Maybe it stems from that. Then again, maybe I need a therapist. Anyway, I really love playing drums. I am a Virgo and we are said to thrive on order. I think drumming is a way to impose order on my crazy little existence. Besides, it is one of the few things I can say that I am truly good at and I am fortunate enough to not only have an outlet for it, but to be able to make people happy by doing so. I don't think that's so pie-in-the-sky either. It really is



fantastic to get a letter or talk to someone after a show and know that they appreciate our music. IT goes beyond self-validation too. That is obviously a part of it, but it is like being the bearer of good news. You may not have had anything to do with the proceedings, but you still share the recipients happiness when you tell them.

HOW DID THE BAND FORM?

JFK: Annie, Joe and I knew each other in college. After graduation, our other assorted noise making friends either joined successful bands (Jim Wilbur/Superchunk) or got real jobs (the rest of them). We talked about the three of us starting a band, but it took about a year before we all lived in the same state (NJ). We all dug similar types of music, and had each just recently started playing guitar. So it seemed like a good match. Ed was a friend of a friend who joined up after our original drummer jumped ship coz we weren't Urge Overkill.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING?

HOW DID YOU LEARN?

JR: I started playing guitar in 1987, pretty much teaching myself or learning my necessity (i.e. I wrote this song, now I have to figure out how to play it.)

AH: I started to play during my final year of college. Borrowed a friend's guitar and played in the basement, then in my band Alligator (actually it was Jim Wilbur's and John McMahon's band). To date I've been wanking for six years.

JFK: I started trying to make music freshman year of high school, after my parents gave my synsonic drums and a Casio keyboard for Christmas. First recorded work was a Devo-esque cover of "Dy'er Maker". Inspired by Half Japanese song on *Let Them Eat Jellybeans* comp. I picked up my sister's electric guitar without bothering to tune it or learn chords, but my untrained genius was mistaken for lack of musical ability and so I had to settle for being the "singer" in bands I started in high school and college. I was still writing songs on my Casio or one string of a guitar when I was asked to actually play guitar in Amanda by Night, the ongoing project of retard rocker supreme Robert J. Delvon. Most songs consisted of one chord strummed repeatedly for 2 to 3 minutes. I was hooked. The summer before my senior year in college, I bought a Mel Bay guitar chord book and it's been slow going ever since.

ER: I have been playing drums for sixteen years. I look at the question of learning as really being one of phases because as soon as I stop learning, I hope I have the courage to quit and do something else.

I started playing in grammar school and was taught by a woman who would come in once or twice a week and teach a class of kids playing a whole bunch of instruments. This lasted for a year or two and really fostered my desire to play more than anything. Next, I took private lessons for around six years. That is how I learned the fundamentals of playing the drums. I had a really great teacher and I just recently tracked him down after all this time and went to see him play. It was an odd but exiting experience. I sort of felt like an adoptee finding his birth mother- "So this is where I came from." Then around seventeen, I started playing in a band called Friction Wheel and that lasted until just after college. We put out an EP and recorded a 7" with one of my musical heroes, Bob Mould. We also toured a little and played a lot in the five years we were together. So that's where I learned to be a musician. That band allowed me to discover what my role was as a member of a group trying to express something through music. Finally, I joined Spent and the whole process began again - playing with new people who had a different vision of the same basic principle.

WHAT DOES THE BAND TRY TO DO WITH ITS MUSIC:

JR: The most important thing we try and do is create music/songs that communicate a mood or a feeling to the listener. That person's interpretation may not be the exact idea we intended but it's this ambiguity that makes the songs interesting.

AH: It is my perception that Spent tries to write great songs. We do not have a musical philosophy or agenda, probably due in part to a lack of actual training. I personally feel that every song should have something, however small, to live for and I mean in the actual music (include vocal performance and melody). For me lyrics are tougher, if that can happen with the lyrics it's an extra bonus.

JFK: Not sure if it's because we all respect and admire well crafted songs or because we're just not visionary musical renegades, but we mostly work within a traditional pop-song framework. Within those confines, we work obsessively hard to keep things interesting for ourselves. Super harsh self-critical tinkering with numerous guitar melodies and counter melodies, chord changes, harmonies, beginnings, transitions and ends, not to mention the solitary hellishness of lyric writing. Plus, we're limited by our lack of musicianship. And if it doesn't sound all that painful as the finished product, that's the point.

I think that we try to do two things. Firstly, we please ourselves first and foremost. As with so many other things in life, you can never make anyone else happy until you are yourself. So, we make music that we want to hear. We don't need the affirmation of a forty year-old record executive or a fifteen year-old kid who saw the light at the last Fugazi show. Artistic endeavors are selfish in that sense. They are communal experiences that spring from introspective ones. Secondly, we try to continually challenge ourselves. We continually try to avoid the easy way of doing things in the hope that it will provide more interesting results.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE BAND'S LIVE PERFORMANCES. HOW DO THEY RELATE TO THE BAND'S RECORDED WORKS?

JR: On a good night I think our performances actually transcend the recorded work. Unfortunately, I don't think we're able to do this every performance.

AH: I would describe Spent's live performances as: short; lacking in professionalism; tight (lately); interesting as in to hold one's attention; unphysical.

JFK: The shows can often times be lifeless, awkward and embarrassing, but we're getting better. Both live and recorded tend to reflect our low key, relatively honest approach to this music thing. So far we definitely "rock out" more live than what's been recorded.

ER: People often tell us that we sound so much harder live. Yet, we played live on KCRW in Los Angeles and I think the tape from that and the record have the same vibe. I think there is truth to what people have told us but let's face it, when you're sitting in front of a PA and the band is all jacked up and you are all jacked up and you just had your second beer of the night and that girl with the Friends haircut is here tonight and you've been waiting for these guys to tour all the way from... well of course a band sounds harder live!

WHAT IS THE BANDS PHILOSOPHY ON TOURING?

JR: Touring can be a grand adventure or a mind numbing grind. I think we all regard it as the best way to expose yourself to an audience starved for quality entertainment, and we're just the band to give it to them.

AH: I would say the live Spent has adjusted or made adjustments in order to perform songs that were written for the album. In some instances, playing a song live has improved it simply due to the intimacy which repetition (read: touring) affords. i.e. I wish we had recorded Bottled Mouth Shower. Generally, live performance has enhanced Spent's band-ness. I just think we're a better band.

JFK: Touring is more fun than my day job, but seriously more work. No big label tour support and tiny guarantees meant \$2 per diems and sucking floor every night for three months straight this past fall

just to pay our rent and cover van repairs/expenses. No complaints...I just don't want to work my sucky day job anymore! Philosophy? Make money, and make it home alive. Sleep whenever possible. Eat and drink anything that's free. Try not to dwell on the complete lack of privacy, quiet or comfort. Thank the Lord for Waffle House.

ER: I read a Peter Buck interview once and he told a story about someone in Duke Ellington's band who said something to the effect that what he got paid for was to sit on the bus all day in between actually playing the gigs. There is a whole lot of truth to that, but quite frankly, I don't think that we are burned out enough on touring yet to fully appreciate the wisdom of that story. I'm not saying I want to rush right out for another three months, but when it happens I know that I'll enjoy it. I was talking to a friend recently and he stressed how important it is to stop and go to South Of The Border or the Cadillac Ranch or even eat shitty BBQ for the thousandth time because who knows when it all ends and you won't have the chance anymore. We were on a ten hour drive from Winnipeg to Saskatoon this November and late to boot due to a seized air pump and Joe turned to me and said, "You know, no matter what has happened today, I'm still having the time of my life." I thought that was great because maybe tomorrow it will all come to an end, and in the long run the broken air pumps are what turn the whole thing into an adventure. After all, the Odyssey wouldn't be much of an epic if Ulysses had gone straight home, now would it.

WHAT ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT COMPONENTS OF THE BAND'S SOUND AND PHILOSOPHY AND WHY?

JFK: As much as possible, the band should be a flexible, ever changing, natural out growth of the four of us making music and writing songs together; a constant battle. The normalizing forces of pop music traditionalism and our own self-censorship vs. the limitless possibilities inherent in the creative process. Reject the lame and overdone, but give every idea a chance. The philosophy being that if we keep ourselves interested and entertained, we'll interest and entertain the listener as well.

ER: I think that the single most important aspect of our sound or philosophy or whatever you want to call it is that we refuse to see pop music as being trivial. It is amazing to me that although film has gained respect in American culture, pop music is still a four letter word. Just try and find a record review in The New York Times. Even after the Beatles and the Velvets ties to Warhol and punks ties to the art world, people fail to recognize anything more substantial than Madonna or Michael Jackson as being worth a look. Todd Rundgren once said that he couldn't appreciate those two because they reduced music to being secondary to the spectacle. I think he compared the music to a T-shirt you buy at the show. That pisses me off! I've seen Bob Mould play a show in NYC that was absolutely transcendent. I listen to Mac McCaughn's songs and I'm amazed at just how well wrought they are, we toured with 18th Dye and got to watch them deconstruct and reconstruct the simplest of structures in ways that are ingenious and innovative. So you can not tell me that pop music isn't as beautiful and powerful and complicated and as serious as any other medium that a person chooses to express themselves in. I think what throws people off is the simplicity of the whole thing. It all stems from the same old blues scale and in some sense its very limiting, but within those limits lies a challenge. I think all the bands that are worth remembering are the ones that twist and distort the narrow rules with which they have to work. I just heard "Revolution" on the radio the other day and it struck me that the whole song is the same blues riff that your kid brother annoyed the shit out of you with by playing ad infinitum in the basement after school every day. Yet, after the Nike ad-inspiring vocal melody, a clever break, boogie woogie piano and some horribly badass guitar noodling you have a true thing of beauty.

NAME THE STRONG POINTS OF THE BAND. HOW ABOUT WEAK POINTS?

JR: I think we still have a lot of room to grow as a band to get better and better both as writers and performers. I like that we write a lot of our songs collaboratively. I wish we were more prolific.

AH: Strong points: 1. 3 songwriters (keeps us "fresh" as they say; makes for...oh, I don't know! It's like having equal say-there's no one person doing it all, no ego business. This latter statement includes all 4 of us). 2. I think both John and Joe have a lyrical gift that gives us a serious side in a good way. 3. Strong sense of what we like (during song-writing), despite tendency to second guess. We know we have to keep trying until we hear what we like and usually it's a moment of mutual agreement. 4. Pretty guitars. 5. At least one cute boy. Weak points: 1. Not prolific enough. 2. Not audio/recording wizards. 3. Not enough time to be doing band stuff. 4. No lawyers/accountants in band. 5. Live vocals.

JFK: Strong points: -non lame songs that'll make you sing along and cry on first listen, but that you can still chew on for a long time after that -considerate and well-mannered house guests -we really mean it, man!! Weak points: -not prolific enough -can't jump high and still

play instruments -only in it for the money.

ER: I think that we have strong songs and we keep it interesting with three people singing lead and John and Joe switching on bass and guitar. All these permutations tend to keep it interesting. I'm a firm believer in your biggest asset being your biggest liability, but I'm to subjective to see where writing good songs and not getting boring can hurt us artistically.

WHAT TYPE OF EQUIPMENT DO YOU PLAY? WOULD YOU ENDORSE THEIR PRODUCT?

R: I play a Fender Jaguar and a Peavey Patriot Bass that I got for 50 bucks at a garage sale. I certainly would endorse Fender but Peavy's are pretty lame. Oh well, beggars can't be choosers.

AH: I would become a paid endorser of: Dunlop Tortex red thin picks, Jockey underwear, Star Trek action figures, and Heathkit products.

EK: Mostly Joe's Fender Jaguar through my Marshall something or other, or Joe's Peavy bass through our acoustic head and Yorkville cabinet. Guitar pedals include an MXR distortion, a Boss Turbo overdrive, and the Morley Echo 300 when it's working. Bass pedal is a Rat distortion. I'm not much of a gearhead, and have no special affinity for any of the crap I play on. I'd become a paid endorser for all the above if they gave me free stuff.

ER: I have two Pearl kits, one bought by my parents when I was ten and the other which I bought after college in order to retire the first. I've ended up recording and touring with the one I got when I was ten. It was a bottom of the line set and it sounds great! I'm interested in getting a 60's Ludwig set because they sound better than anything made today. My ride and hi-hats are the same ones my drum teacher picked out for me at the same time I got the set. They are big old Zildjians, they have become part of my playing and if they ever break, I will have a nervous breakdown. I have a Zildjian and a Sabian crash- I just look for heavy 18" crashes because I expect them to break. I've been using a DW5000 bass pedal that Chris from Seam lent to me when mine broke on tour. I will return it as soon as I can afford one of my own- it's very good. I use Vic Firth 3A socks. I don't believe I would endorse any of these companies because by the time you get to the point where they ask, you usually don't have to worry about paying for any of this crap. Basically, if they ain't helping me now, they can go screw themselves. I would, however, endorse CarMex lip balm, which is a quality product made right here in the USA by a damn fine bunch of folks.

NAME THREE WORDS WHICH BEST DESCRIBE THE BAND.

AH: Clumsy, Thoughtful, Sassin'

EK: Obsequious, Purple, Clairvoyant

ER: Diligent, Talented, Gastrointestinal

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST MUSICAL EXPERIENCE? HOW DO YOU THINK IT HELPED YOU GET TO WHERE YOU ARE NOW?

AH: Sang "Away in a Manger" into tape recorder at request of family, but can't confirm that it helped me get to where I am now.

EK: My oldest sister muscled me into the rock-n-roll lifestyle at age four, making me play toy drums in her Partridge Family cover band. I had to drag the drums into the TV room when the show came on, then we'd wait until they did their musical number and we'd play along. For a while, I refused to answer to anything but "Chris" (the kid drummer's name). A few years later I was hooked on Monkees reruns. It just seemed like being in a band was the most logical thing to do with your life, and I guess that belief carried over and resulted

in my incessant formation of bands with whoever I happened to be friends with at the time.

ER: My first musical memories are of listening to Top 40 radio in my mother's car during the seventies. She also owned records by Neil Young, Fleetwood Mac, Cheap Trick (Budokan on 8-track, yeah!), as well as all the big disco acts of the day. I think she even owned Rocket To Russia. I'll leave it to you to decide how it has affected me.

NAME SOME RECORDS/TAPES THAT YOU TAKE WITH YOU ON TRIPS, TOUR, ETC.

JR: We don't have a stereo in our van just a crappy box. So we generally don't listen to anything unless it can be heard above the din of our noisy old van. AH: BeeGees first; Stephen, Lambchop; Steve Martin (John brought that); TVPs (John's all over that); Tony Bennett (Ed); Human League; China Crisis; John Cale; Nick Drake... In fact, the van is so loud (engine roar) that it's hard to hear anything. Last time around I took Tony Bennett, The Replacements, Sebadoh, Portastatic, Rolling Stones and a few others.

WHICH BAND MEMBER LOOKS BEST WITHOUT A SHIRT ON?

JR: I think I can safely say we all look better with our clothes on.

JFK: Would it be too obvious to say Annie? Joe's emaciated, Ed's extremely hairy, and I'm in worse shape than my grandmother.

ER: John King. And he's handsome too.

WHAT IS THE MOST HUMILIATING THING YOUR PARENTS DID TO YOU?

JR: It's too painful to relate but I'm in therapy trying to work through it.

JFK: They used to make me perform magic shows for my relatives on holidays/birthdays, etc. I was a regular customer of Marshall Brodein's mailorder catalog, read all the biographies of Houdini, even had a subscription to Magician's Magazine (and yes, I was a geek). I was also insanely shy and never had any desire to actually perform these tricks for anyone. I remember being chased into a room by my parents, crying, wild with people fright, begging them not to make me get up in front of all my relatives. Of course, I always had to, and the tricks would always go wrong, and I'd stutter and look at my feet and make lame attempts at stage patter. My aunts and uncles would feel embarrassed for me and my cousins would laugh at what a geek I was. I was only ten at the time, but I still get weirded out when a relative shows up at a Spent show. It's as if my guitar has suddenly turned into the "Three Mystery Silks of India" or something. Cruel, cruel parents.

ER: I never felt that my parents were humiliating. However, my mother turns up at many a local Spent gig and stands up front yelling like it's a Little League game. In fact, the only person in America who is more vocal at Spent shows is Superchunk's Jim Wilbur, and he is usually drunk. Then again, mom does hit the sauce pretty hard.

ARE YOU ALLERGIC TO ANYTHING? IF SO, WHAT HAPPENS?


JR: I'm allergic to kiwi fruit--my throat swells up, my tongue gets itchy, my eyes water. Needless to say, I avoid eating it.

As a child, I was seemingly allergic to everything and received shots (Mr. Radich, we don't know why your child has five limbs) to combat the effects. The ones that have stayed with me are hay fever, fresh cut grass and worst of all, cats. This makes touring an often congested experience as the house pet of choice of bohemians the world over is felinus domesticatus.

When we stay with people on tour, I'm always grateful for the hospitality, but the feeling of horror that comes over me when we're walking up to our hosts front door and they turn to us and say, "I hope none of you are allergic to cats," never leaves me. I get the typical symptoms: sneezing, constriction of the airway, itchy and watery eyes, etc. After that, I'm pretty good. I never get hives or weird rashes and my Slavic genes have given me a constitution that allows

me to eat loam, glass, Salmonella-tainted chicken and White Castle.

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THE HYDROGEN TERRORS

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No tribute records allowed!

Earlier this year Chunklet informed me that they had recently heard the amazing debut EP of Thee Hydrogen Terrors from Providence, RI entitled *The Erotic Adventures of Thee Hydrogen Terrors*. 'Get us an interview,' were their next words, and I was more than happy to oblige as I've talked up the band all year to anyone who would listen. The Terrors pack quite a wallop both on record and live. But don't believe me. Find out for yourself, young rocker!



photos and interview by Jon Littlefield

Matt White: I'll let you guys in on a secret. I got high before practice tonight. (some laughter)

Tim Rocca: Damn! You stoner!

MW: I did. I got really high and played psychedelic guitar tonight.

Nick Atocha: That's cool man. I don't get high, but you can get high.

Guy Benoit: Be prepared for the mod art trip because we got arty in a hurry as soon as Dan left. We are arty as hell now.

NA: Guy, why don't we all get suits and fucking start freaking out? Do you think we should get some mod suits? It'd be pretty cool.

MW: I'd like to wear the mod suit and freak out.

NA: Yeah. If you play evil rock...I mean if you just wear the mod suit and play mellow guy rock it's boring, but if you play with a really mod suit and freak...(waiter interrupts, "Margaritaville" comes on jukebox and subject changes)

MW: (ogling Chunklet 10) The zine is a crazy thing.

NA: I like that name, Chunklet.

MW: This is pretty funny, what I've read so far. "Fifty Things for Teachers To Do To Students." If you were a teacher, it'd be very funny.

GB: Look, SS Decontrol, man! Wow!

MW: Those guys look so DC. Are they from DC?

GB: No, these guys were from Boston.

GB: This guy is in jail now because he bought drugs for Courtney Love and they threw him in the joint and he killed somebody.

Chunklet: He killed someone in jail?

GB: Yep. He's in there for the long haul.

MW: (still eyeing Chunklet 10) Oh, that's a good picture of X. X are the best band ever

C: So Thee Hydrogen Terrors have been playing out since October of '94.

GB: Right.

C: But (to Guy) you and Matt have a history that goes back a little further. Want to elaborate?

GB: Yeah. We were in a band called Von Ryan's Express before Thee Hydrogen Terrors, with Dan, who is the former bass player of the Terrors. We put out a single as Von Ryan's Express with Ben McOsker's Load Records. And then we put out another single with Sub Pop. John Ryan then quit to, uh, go back to school, but we were still in the mood for playing so we got Nick, who had just been a member of Boss Fuel, which also broke up. We decided to forge ahead on that. There you go. John Davis, who is in the Folk Implosion now was also briefly in Von Ryan's Express. Everybody was in Von Ryan's Express.

C: That's impressive. I didn't know that.

MW: Are you serious?

GB: Yeah, he played, one rehearsal.

MW: I was in Von Ryan's Express and I didn't know that.

NA: (looking at Chunklet 9, The Pet Issue) Did you guys see J. Ryan's drawing of the cow in this? I mean, the, uh...yeah it's a cow.

C: That's a classic drawing. He's got the asshole drawn in very nicely.

MW: That's J. Ryan style.

GB: He was also a member of Von Ryan's Express, as well.

C: Oh yes, J. Ryan. Give him credit where it's due.

C: So Matt, you and Guy and J. Ryan you're all P.C. grads.

MW: We're all out of Providence.

C: What do you think Providence College's effect has been on Providence rock?

GB: It's completely immeasurable because there's us and then there's....

NA: Pete Phillips (former Six Finger Satellite)

GB: Pete Phillips, Mark Stone (Medicine Ball), J. Ryan of Six Finger Satellite.

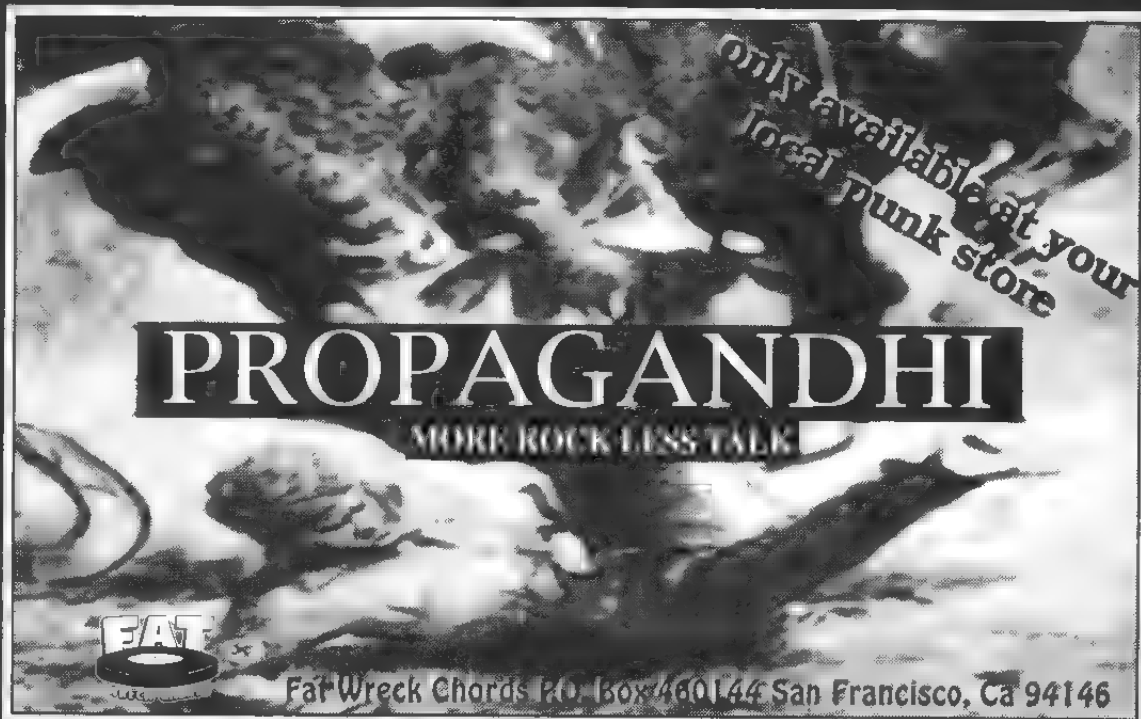
NA: John McLean.

GB: Ben McOsker from Load Records.

MW: It's such an influence on rock.

GB: All three members of Lung Mustard. Tim from Ashley Von Hurter and the Haters. Yeah, the thing is it's really weird considering that there are so many art schools in Providence, and so many liberal minded schools in Providence, and coming out of

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this really square academy you've got.... There was just about a two-year run where there was just looney, looney, freaky-ass people coming out of that school. And the year before we showed up in 1986, Jeanene Garafalo, the woman that's on "The Larry Sanders Show" graduated from P.C. Pete Phillips, Mark Stone, uh.... Pat Steele. Doug Allen was there peripherally, and Kevin Devine, both of Lazy Eye. So, yeah, it's just been so odd that from one little area, not even, from one graduating class comes...

C: I don't suppose there were any dormitory parties/rock and roll shows going on?

GB: Well, actually the first ever Six Finger Satellite show, which all of us went to was a Halloween party on Pembroke Avenue in somebody's basement.

MW: I met Ben McOsker there for the first time and I was on mushrooms. He was on acid. We just hit it off.

C: (laughing hard)

MW: No, we hit it off and I knew he was gonna be my friend.

GB: So, yeah we used to go see bands like that. Like Six Finger Satellite, that was their first show and it was in the basement of this house. All they did, they played Neil Young covers, and a Dream Syndicate cover.

TR: They played friggin' Neil Young covers?

GB: They played "Cortez the Killer," man.

NA: Really? Wow!

GB: Yeah, and J. Ryan was completely inaudible.

C: I read a review of your record. I don't remember it might have been the CMJ review. And it was really complimentary, but it also stated something along the lines that you guys worship the throne of Jon Spencer and Steve Albini. Do you have any response to that comment?

NA: There was a t-shirt we were going to make about that, remember? I don't know if we should go into that.

MW: Well, let's just say that's not the case.

GB: I mean, we like those bands. We like Shellac and Big Black and Blues Explosion, but at the same time, they're not all we listen to. That's all you can say. We like those guys alot, but they're not the be-all and end-all of what we listen to.

MW: I would say that they're enjoyable to listen to, but I don't think they have any influence on the way we write songs, or the way we approach writing songs at all.

C: Do you think for someone who hasn't heard your music that they might be a fair reference point to your sound?

MW: Probably. I don't know, that's an objective...

GB: That's not for us to say.

GB: The thing is, we just have such a wrong view of our own sound. Stuff that we write that we think is really normal sounding and straight ahead we'll play for people and they'll think it's the most fucked up thing in the world. We try to write these Sly and the Family Stone numbers and they come out sounding like Can and shit like that. So we're not very good barometers of our own sound.

TR: Did you guys practice tonight?

MW: It was probably the best we've had as a three piece, I would say.

NA: Yeah, see now we're a three-piece. I don't know if anyone out there knows that.

C: Yeah. Minus the low end, right now. Do you guys miss it?

GB: Sometimes.

MW: Yes, definitely.

C: But, it's going so well so you...

GB: We're a different band now, you know. We're still writing songs and we're still fucked up. It's just that Dan left and there's no sense replacing him because he was just irreplaceable. So we're just going on the way we have, you know? Like Public Image Limited, or something like that. I mean, we still gotta get used to this sound, but at the same time, we're incredibly happy about the fact that the band morale is just alot better.

NA: It's really weird playing as a three-piece because we were pretty much known as this really low end-y, rumble band. That was a big part of it. Now that it's gone, I think it makes all three of us work alot harder. The vocals become alot more into play. Matt's guitar playing is obviously way more up front, and the drums too.

GB: We're not saying we're one hundred percent a three-piece either. We might get a bass player at one point, but right now we're just becoming what we're doing.

NA: And we're still writing alot of songs, which is nice. I think we should put out a full record. We have enough songs to put out a whole record, not an EP.

C: Will you break into Taekwondo Sound and do a renegade session like the Haters?

NA & MW: No.

MW: We're gonna do it at a loft.

NA: We have enough material now to put out a full, full-length album. One criticism I've heard about our band is that we only play 20 minutes, and our album is seventeen minutes. Some people think that we should play a lot longer, or put out a full length. If we have enough for a full-length now, then we'll do a full length.

MW: We had that show at T.T.'s and the woman that books the place, I went up to her afterwards looking for some money. And she was like "You didn't tell me you only played for fifteen minutes." I just looked at her like it really matters. Do you get paid by the minute or something? I don't know. You get paid by your show, whatever you do.

C: That's an excellent point because, speaking of whether Jon Spencer is someone to look up to or not, I saw Boss Hog last night. For the hour that they played, I can't say it was more entertaining than any twenty minutes that you guys have done.

GB: I saw Jon Spencer play with the Blues Explosion opening up for Buffalo Tom and they played a twenty minute set and it was the best show I saw last year. It was just twenty minutes of unbelievable power and the just ruined everybody's life at that show. They were so fucking powerful, and that's what we were trying to do with Von Ryan's Express, and initially with the Terrors, but we're changing now. The songs are changing, our attitudes are changing towards writing. Things like that, y' dig?

C: Yep. So you're looking at, in the future, somewhat longer sets?

GB: Twenty five minutes.

MW: (laughing) That's about ten minutes longer. Yeah, definitely longer sets.

NA: Thirty five.

C: Cool. You guys did at least one extensive tour last spring with the Laurels. Any highlights, lowlights, interesting stories?

NA: Austin, Texas was great.

GB: Austin was great. Augusta, Georgia was great.

MW: It was all great except for Fort Worth.

GB: No, that's not true. There were a couple of other shows that weren't so great. We played at Oberlin College [which] is the third most expensive school in the nation after Hampshire and Bennington. I think it costs like two and a half million dollars, or something like that. It's absurd. So we played at Oberlin College with Sparky and the Laurels as part of the Student Lounge Series, right. We played in the basement of their Student Union.

NA: It was the disenchanting youth of America.

MW: It was a coffee shop.

TR: Midwest hurter!

NA: They wouldn't even look at us. They just smoked cigs and drank coffee. They wouldn't even look in our direction. It was insane.

GB: Right. We set up in that place, they wouldn't give up a P.A. or a mic stand. We had to tape the god damn mike to the ceiling and dangle it downward.

NA: It was the most treble-y room of all time. It was painfully treble-y.

GB: I would say that a pile of people showed up because I guess when you play at Oberlin people feel obliged to go see you. 75 to 80 people showed up, the room was packed. We were leaping around and people were staring at us like we were crazy. We were falling around on the ground. The Laurels hit the stage after us, and there was sort of like a mutual challenge when we would play as to who would be better than who. Sometimes we'd be better than them, but they flipped out too. They're jumping around knocking over the amps and slamming into one another. At the end of the set, we're all sweaty and hoarse and Sparky says "Alright we're gonna pass the hat so these guys can get back to

Providence, Rhode Island." We passed the hat to about seventy or eighty people. We made seven dollars. Seven fucking dollars. These are kids that are beyond wealthy and we made seven motherfuckin' dollars...I don't know how we got home.

TR: Ungrateful bastards. You should've stolen all their stereos.

MW: Well, we got free Tang all night and free beers most of the night until they figured out what they were doing.

TR: Where was the dead guy?

NA: We found a dead man in the bathroom in this truckstop in Georgia. (silence)

C: A dead man?

GB: Yeah, we literally found a dead guy. That was weird.

NA: Everyone found him, too. And everyone thought he was just drunk.

TR: Aren't you guys the third most popular band in Providence?

GB: We're the third most popular band in Providence.

MW: Says who?

NA: By WBRU's poll standards.

GB: It was Pearl Jam and the Breeders and then us.

MW: When was that?

GB: That was when they polled Pearl Jam and the Breeders. (laughter)

NA: No, it was Small Factory and somebody else.

TR: Waterdog.

C: You guys beat out Velvet Crush?

MW: We beat up Velvet Crush.

(laughs)

C: Did you guys hear that there is a Wire tribute record to be released?

GB: Really? I'm sick of tribute records. No more tribute records.

C: Yeah. No one is worth doing them for, you don't think?

GB: No, they should stop making tribute records and they should make malediction records.

Where you do bad versions of bands you don't like because they suck so bad.

MW: That's a good idea.

GB: I'm sick of tribute records. I don't like tribute records anymore.

C: Kustomized is on it with "A Question of Degree."

GB: Kustomized are a great band and very nice people as well.

C: Indeed.

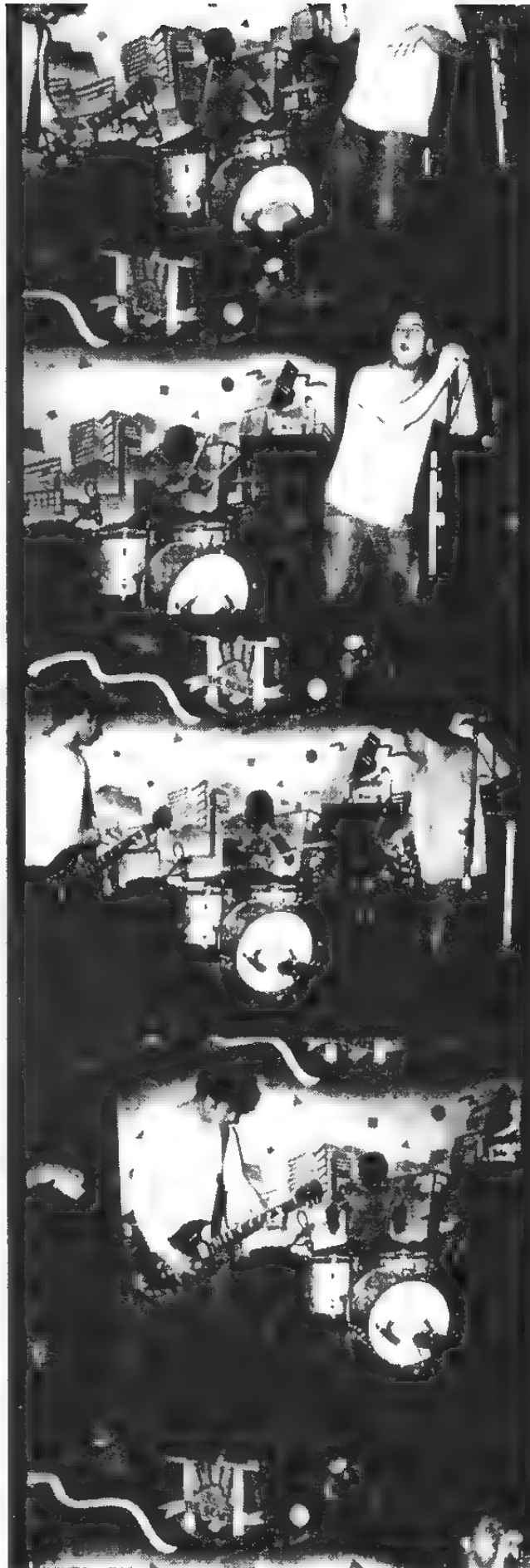
GB: A little plug for Kustomized there, ladies and gentlemen.

NA: Friends of the Terrors.

C: Have you guys bought any records of interest lately?

NA: Sandy Nelson *Let There Be Drums*: 66.

MW: Merle Haggard *Okie from Muskogee*. It's a good one. Best



one I've gotten lately.

NA: The first Who record. What else? Guy, what have you been listening to lately?

GB: What the hell have I been listening to?

MW: I listened to Fleetwood Mac *Rumors* today.

TR: You didn't.

NA: No you didn't.

MW: Yes, I did.

GB: Did you really?

TR: You suck!

GB: I've been listening to the mad 60's pop, man. I've been listening to the Left Bank, and shit. That Eric Matthews record is really good. Misunderstood are good too... Oh, and the Faith/Void split, but just the Void side.

NA: Del-vettes. A fine band... Oh, the Wailers from Washington state. They were great.

C: What did they play?

GB: They were kinda like the Sonics... But they just didn't have the vocal power, you know? The didn't have the Jerry Rosley vocals, so they were more slow and bluesy. They were kinda like Boss Hog to the Sonics Blues Explosion.

NA: They were on the same label as the Sonics.

C: Ah, I see the connection.

NA: To make that comparison.

C: Yeah, to bring up Jon Spencer yet again.

GB: Well, I'm trying. I'm doing my best considering we gotta go home and worship at the throne later on.

NA: Yeah, right. No, but we had an idea a few months ago when we read that interview that you were mentioning about us worshipping Steve Albini and Jon Spencer.

Whatever...

NA: But Jon Spencer is a nice guy.

GB: He is a very nice guy and so is Steve Albini. He came to our show in Chicago. Next question.

C: Well, we could make fun of some limey bands since Tim is going to England.

MW: (with cockney accent) Blur. Pppth!

NA: I heard in England there's a big...

MW: There's a big Terror movement.

NA: Well, besides that. There's a division whether you're a Blur fan or an Oasis fan.

TR: (also with accent) I'm a Blur man.

NA: I prefer Oasis.

MW: It's a real tough decision.

NA: ... but I don't really prefer either.

GB: The guy in Pulp attacking Michael Jackson is my favorite so far.

C: Yeah, it seems like he's got an opinion. He's taking an ethical stand.

GB: Yeah, he attacked the living equivalent of Mickey Mouse.

AZALIA SNAIL

USA TOUR DIARY MARCH/APRIL 1995

Sir Henry-

It's too damn cold here. I miss Florida!

I got to Athens with a 6 hr. sleep and then took off to beat last weekend's threatening storms. Made it back to N.Y.C. in 13 hrs. this time! Here's a tour story that I thought—well, maybe Henry would print this! I haven't showed it to anyone else, so let me know if you'd like it for *Chunklet*. I have cool photos, too, so let me know soooooon—Thanks for trying to get us a gig there. Next time we'll have one.

Say hello to my pals there.

All the best,

Azalia

P.S. Do you recall that trumpet hook yet? Just kidding!

[on the outside of the envelope, it read]

added forgotten interior words: I have a tape of me and Penny (I mean Penny and me) jamming with Harry Pussy(cats) [for nosy mail clerks only] on my song "Plush Design". Live in Miami. Maybe someone will put it out sometime. Start internetting that, maybe, or only if you think it's interesting.... O.K.?

by Uli Muller



Azalia and the leader of Sportsguitar strike a pose, Albuquerque, NM

24 February

The Swiss arrive. We didn't know whether or not they'd make it into the country without the work permits. The past two days I had to dash up to the Swiss Consulate and drum up a bio for them and a detailed tour plan. Even with this, the chances were slim that the Swiss would grant Sportsguitar these permits. Sure enough, they did not. As Gary and I trodded out to the airport, we did not necessarily expect to see four smiling Swiss, but we did. Fearful of being "caught", they brought not a single musical apparatus, not even a patch cord. We spent way too much on a limousine to take us back to Brooklyn. As soon as we got there, called WFMU and set up an on-air interview with Bill Berger. Then they had their first American pizza.

25 February

Ran around Manhattan taking them to every decent guitar shop in town. Roli scored a late-70's Telecaster at a midtown shop and Oliver scooped up a ridiculous looking Japanese machine at Mojo. Euli found a discarded Guild bass, complete with heavy case, at Chelsea Music. Roli spent over \$500 for patch cords, strings, and picks at Manny's. Next we had a fine Indian meal to the accompaniment of a sitar/conga live duo. I was insanely exhausted, having to patch up much of the broken tour schedule. I dropped the tray of condiments, splashing red chutney on Oli's white shirt. He told me it didn't matter — that he had 15 shirts exactly like it.

26 February

Show at Fez. Nice and elaborate. Roli was divine that night and the rhythm section sounded perfect. Kramer met us there and cashed in on the half price dinner and drinks. He brought along two sleazy girls who would not cough up enough dough for their vast drinking spree. I performed with six others, including 3 horn players. Douglas Wolk proclaimed: awesome. All the boys wore suits.

27 February

The Brownie's show. 3/5 of Pavement showed (I had played the Sportsguitar CD for Bob in Louisville) — they grooved on it. Ladybug Transistor had their best show that night, and Syrup and Kissyfur were both outstanding.

28 February

Boston. We did an interview with Colleen Cheesecake at Boston College and proceeded to get lost on the way back to the Middle East, arriving just in time for Sportsguitar to play. AII because we were trying to score obscure imported beer for Bill

1 March

Off they went to record w/Kramer who had volunteered his studio gratis! Four songs down. Then we left for Philly and played for a decent crowd with Bardo Pond (such nice folks and layery spaced-out guitars).

1 March

This was supposed to be our big New York show at the posh new Knitting Factory. Richard Grabel showed up and dug Sports., though there were some technical difficulties. I had four horn players that night (grandiose) and both drums and kalimba. Sweet.

1 March

We got off to a late, late start to D.C. We had to secure our second rent-a-car and of course Dollar did not make it easy. As usual, the DC scene was a dud. The trendy kids all flocked to the free Teen Beat show, but we had an appreciative small crowd at The Black Cat. The Vinyl Ink folks were swell as usual and so was the ol' Tastee Diner.

1 March

We got off to a late, late start heading down to Chapel Hill. Roli was in the front seat with me, pressuring me to go fast so they wouldn't miss their sound check. I told him they were playing a very small cafe and not to bother, there certainly was little prospect of having a check. All the cars were going about 80 mph, so did I. However, I was caught. That wasn't so bad, but Euli, who was driving the other car, was behind me. The nice Virginian cop informed me that he would have to arrest the boy who was not American. I pleaded for him not to, and he did not. How close was that call I don't know. They played a great set at The Lizard & snake, despite having to follow what was apparently a Christian band (they all looked like Jesus Christ) There were three devoted Sports. fans, including the brand new WXDU music director and an old one, the groovy Randy Bullock. Then there was the bizarre but helpful Raymond from Schoolkids Records. Lara was a saint and let us crash at her place. The next day Gary had a field day at the healthy grocery store and we had a fine indoor picnic. We were quite anxious to get to Florida, so we got on 95 and hit balmy air in just a few hours. Of course we couldn't resist showing them the atrocity of South of the Border, the tackiest excuse for a rest stop. We scored a load of fireworks and posed with the silly animal statues. We stopped for the night at Kaiser's posh digs and immediately he whipped out the weed and got the Swiss stoned. The next day we took off in our cruisemobile for a beach that Kaiser was praising. I had an idea to get fresh seafood, so most of us checked out a "beachfront" restaurant that turned out to be a greasy dud. Unless you specifically ordered something NOT to be fried, it was so, and jarringly so. It got to the point where at the end of the meal (as such), the waitress asked if we would like some fresh pie and I answered "Only if its fried." The Swiss could not believe the fried system. Later on, they got fried in the stoned sense

1 March

Being a Monday in a college town on Spring Break basically stinks, but we were playing the delectable Covered Dish with the fine Bill Bryson in

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charge. Meringue welcomed us earnestly and put on what can only be described as a zany show, complete with costumes and high school amateur contest awareness. We crashed at Trey & Angie's love-of-thrift-shop pad. That day we noticed a peculiar light in one of our cruisers — it said "check engine". We checked out Gainesville's two fine record shops and called Dollar to find out what to do with the possibly failing automobile. They wanted me to drive it to Tampa (completely opposite from where we were going.) I told them I thought it may not make it out of town. They put me on hold, checked my past record and discovered I had also complained about one of their autos a year or so ago which had been a complete lemon. Back at Trey's, we packed up and got ready for our long haul to New Orleans. We went about...one

mile when the grey cruiser dies. Luckily, there was a driveway to pull into off the main road. I followed them into the Woody's Bar-B-Que lot. The first thing I looked for was available recreational activities at said intersection. I suspected we would be there all day waiting for Dollar to send us another car. Thank our lucky stars, there was a Days Inn which meant a nice swim. Not before making a friendly call to the folks at Dollar. We spent a couple of hours enjoying the pool, the pinball machines, the O.J. trial on the large screen TV, some grub. Dollar said they would send the tow truck and asked me what car I would like. They mentioned a convertible (hey, this is Florida!) and immediately I zoomed in on that. I imagined crisscrossing the Southeast U.S. in a fine luxury convertible as the sweet sounds of The Troggs or Steppenwolf accompanied the scenery.

I was elated as I told the boys about the oncoming cruiser. We swam more and lay in the sun. It was approaching evening and still no car. We had another snack at Woody's (bless their staff). It was around 8:00 now and STILL NO SIGN OF THE TOW TRUCK. I called Dollar. Everybody at the Tallahassee office had left except for one schmo who barely knew what was going on, but checked some paperwork and informed me that the tow truck was "on its way.". And suddenly, it started to rain. No mere pitter patter, but a full-fledged thundershower. We took cover in our twin Intrepids, Sports, blasting the Ween. Another hour passed; the rain subsided a bit, but then became heavy again just as the tow truck finally arrived. On the platform was not a luxury convertible, but a tiny two-seater white sports convertible. The tow truck driver was clearly wasted, but somehow managed to trade our car for the tiny white one without disaster. Our own disaster was trying to fit a giant trunk's worth of gear into a microscopic space. And the backseat of the white wonder was a joke. The Swiss were very distraught as they hunched together in the back. I asked them if they weren't used to tiny European cars. They did not laugh as they struggled to maintain both their posture and their sanity. We drove until after midnight and scoped out the Dollar location in Tallahassee which was CLOSED. That meant a pit stop at some el cheapo motel. We found a bargain special at a dump that was going through reconstruction. The entire building leaned to one side. In the morning, Oliver and I took off to exchange the car and the Dollar lady told us to pick out any car we wanted. After careful scrutiny, we decided the blue New Yorker would be ours. It was a honey — deluxe with weather control in exact degrees, compass, maxi-boogie stereo deck, and automatic leather comfort chairs. In custom style as we hit New Orleans. I call up crazy Jenny Mae who meets us in the French Quarter. She's shockingly blond now and has herself a husband and a car that makes our New Yorker look like a Rabbit. It's a boat, a giant green topless cruiser. She drives it like a truck. Our gig is at a remote warehouse area dive, but it's cool. They have a fancy recording studio in a back room and we take advantage of the situation by doing musical combinations — me playing with Jenny Mae, Roli jamming with me, an odd ensemble at the end with members of each band and the bartender on sax. Later at Jenny Mae's, we literally take up the whole place with our bodies, Ollie blocking off the all-important bathroom entrance. Calls were placed to Switzerland. This was an interesting phenomenon. I had been noticing twenty dollar bills placed by the phones of various people with whom we had been staying. I thought it odd, until I realized what was going on. Roli, so in love was he, was calling Switzerland each and every night and placing twenty dollar bills to pay for these calls. However, one small problem. He could not ask the residing person if he could place such a call and he would not explain why he was leaving a twenty dollar bill under the telephone.

9 March

On our way to New Orleans with some sun — last night a tornado

threatened our existence, that and a shitty rent-a-car which proceeded to die on us. Which caused us to linger at a Woody's bar-b-que and find a pool which we utilized on the first truly hot day of the tour, by that I mean 80 degrees, enough to dive into a semi-cold pool. Unlike the day before or the day before that (which is it?). Roland & Oliver cared not much for the fact that it was only 70 degrees and the ocean ice cold, they just ran into the Atlantic for the first time, and it was too much, the pristine beauty of the sea with the elated Swiss, their joy in all of this.

9 March

From whence I began....Austin was supposed to be a really big show with a local band I hadn't heard (and was skeptical of) called Sixteen Deluxe. I was

a bit annoyed that the club wanted Sports. To play first, me next, then put on some just-added local act who everyone told me stunk (they did), then the headliners. I wanted to go first and let the Swiss have some kind of chance of having an audience. We both ended up playing just for the earlybirds, and of course the kids were complaining because they thought the out-of-town acts would play later (as would be the usual way in any other town). The boys really wanted some pot. I really wanted a copy of a tape of a Sebadoh/Snail jam I had experienced last October and Jason had both tape and pot. We decided that they would rest and my Austin pal Julie and I would gallivant off and take care of business. We reconvened at Electric Lounge and caught a rather stunning ten minutes of Sixteen Deluxe. It was pitch dark save for

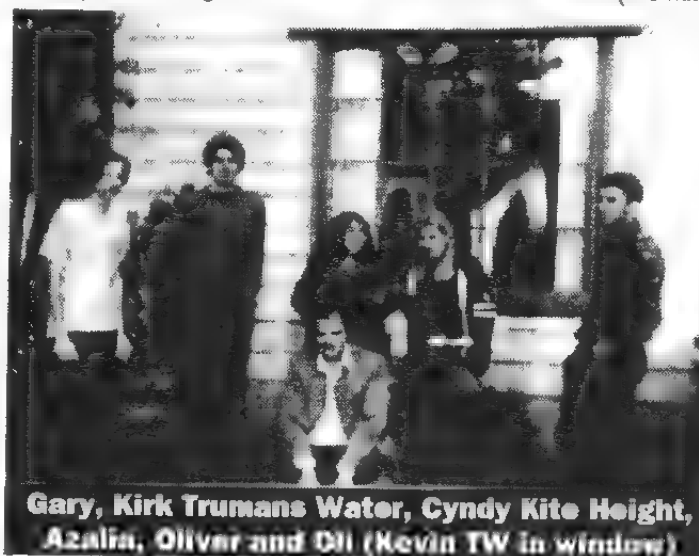
shots of strobe light and flashes from the waist torches secured to each member of the band. The audience was tripping and throwing themselves around. It was a cool little happening and I wished I had seen more. Jason was out of his head or very much in his head and he introduced me to King Koffee whom I'd met before 2nd still is very, very sweet and completely not jaded. Craig from Trance was cool as well and ended up giving me a much fairer split of the band money that had been discussed. Julie and I went off with Jason and silly Lilila and secured the weed and checked out the jam. We woke the Swiss up with the aroma of the ganja — they were pleased. The ride to New Mexico was always the same. You would dread the Texas part, but dig the desert. Delirium always helped delight the eye. Sports worshipped the desert as the sun came up, took photos with some cactus; breakfast time.

12 March

The Golden West is a cool old tavern. If there's nothing playing at the theatre next door, they'll put the names of the bands in HUGE letters on the marquee. There was only room for the headliners, The Chrome Cranks. This was the first of about four shows with the lovable and hard rockin Cranks. Sports, rocked, although it wasn't their crowd, you know, it was the freaks in the black leather with the studded bracelets and the tattoos. They wanted to be assaulted, not consoled by zesty pop nuggets. However, the Cranks, being the rock aficionados that they are, appreciated Sports. a lot. Bob Bert really admired Ollie's drumming. It was the first night they got exceedingly drunk. Roli and Oliver were so spent that they could not carry out the equipment. Gary and I, along with Euli and Ollie took care of that. Oliver was in such a state, punching the dashboard and trying to break it apart. Luckily, the car resisted his assault. We got to Tiny Little Help's place. Oliver got out the fireworks and lit off a few. I wasn't sure what the cops procedure for such behavior was, so I suggested he quit. Later on, Ernie was telling us it's totally cool to light fireworks. Anyway, I was almost more afraid that Oliver was going to blow off his hand.

11 March

Oliver is in a funky mood but he looks like fuckin angel. There's ' these tremendous 1950's cruisemobiles in their yard and we decided to take photos. I put on my powder blue satin gown (330 in Florida) for European publicity photos. Euli snaps an entire roll. The light is stunning and there's a powder blue car that matches the sky and the dress perfectly. We plan a route that will take us in a remote part of Arizona and also cuts across to where we need to be tonight: Phoenix. I fall asleep in the back of the car to the tune of a bright clear day and a temperature of 83 degrees and wake up, an hour later, in the middle of a snowstorm and 34 degrees. Our adventure is a failure and it takes us an extra few hours to get to Phoenix. Impending doom? Yes. We arrive at the club. The entire bill was a bust, but the club had never bothered to call me, Tonight there were four heavy metal bands, and they told me that one had canceled, so the hand



by Uli Muller

from "Sweden" could play after all. The Swiss grimaced but took their gear in. Two minutes later, Roli announced they would not play the show. To me, that is. I wanted them to play, just as a lark, maybe it would make a funny story. No, they would not play. Never mind how funny the story would be. The staff of the club were jugheads, bonafide ding dongs, or assholes if you prefer. Nobody really knew what was going on and somebody would call somebody to find out what to do about the band from "Sweden" that was supposed to play tonight. They took me in a noisy back room and had me call somebody that maybe knew something about what was going on. You cannot comprehend the bullshit that went on. Worst of all, it was a Saturday night and all the hotels would be booked with convention dullards and their prostitutes. We struck gold after much bad luck. A burly man was checking out of his room at 2 a.m. (suspicious?) and the Days Inn woman agreed to give it to us, unmade bed and all, at the "bargain" rate of \$55! We took up every inch of that tiny room. Luckily, they had their pot and it made them happy, then sleepy. As it turns out, it was a wonderful spot. We were close to Hole in the Rock where I had wanted to take them, a laundromat, and a cheap Chinese buffet restaurant. Keen. Euli and I drove to the mall and developed the Europress photos and bought squirt guns which we utilized to great advantage for the duration of the "hot" part of the tour. We had a sneak attack on the boys and I really soaked Oliver who had been in a snotty mood that day. Did the Chinese buffet whilst the laundry cooked, and went off to explore Hole in the Rock. We staged an action-packed squirt gun battle which is all captured, quite diligently, on Super-8 film. It was a great day. We left for San Diego in the afternoon, too late to be able to see the stunning red rocks just when we hit California. But the sunset was still something to behold. I lent the other car my Eno "Apollo" LP, one of my favorite sunset soundtrack tapes. Arrived in San D, it was Euli's birthday, and I wanted to take him to this great Thai place. First we stopped at Art, Kevin & Carlos' ballet school flat. We went in to party central and they never wanted to leave. Immediately Art and Carlos whipped out every drug they had in the house, well, mostly it was bong hits galore and a lot of talk about obscure drugs and Carlos giving advice about picking up California babes simply by telling them they were from Switzerland. Ollie was the only Swiss still interested in dinner, so he and Gary and myself had a fantastic Thai dinner and tracked down a copy of The Reader featuring an incredible write-up about Sportsguitar by the columnist master of Southern Cali, David Stampone. When we got back to party headquarters, Art told us that Carlos had taken the boys somewhere. Uh-oh. Gary and I walked around the block and saw them in the distance with their burritos to go. When I read them the article, they were joyously impressed, albeit very stoned. And as the night went on, so did the bong hits.

12 March

Destination: Ocean Beach. Lunch at Cecil's. A swim in the Pacific. A walk on the cliffs. Well, one out of three ain't bad. The ocean had just been polluted by some kind of freak thunderstorm that brought in a bunch of garbage from Mexico. We missed the Cecil's fix because they closed at 1:30. We did hang out by the cliffs, spectacular as usual, and took a nice walk around Ocean Beach. When we got home, the Swiss wanted to get really stoned again and pass out and bypass our last minute show at Granny's. Gary and I walked over there and, much to our amazement, found a packed house. We went back and tried to convince the Swiss that it would be a fun show, so they should consider getting it together and playing after all. It wasn't easy. Roli and Oliver were asleep in a pot haze out. Euli and Ollie told us they would try to pry the others into coming over. It was a really cool time. Stampone checking it out. A sweet boy gave me a Denver t-shirt. He was a special kid who had died last fall — such a wasted life. I showed the flicks and we had a nice show. Sports, did show and played remarkably well considering they were still out of it. That night there was a wild party at Art's. Everybody from Granny's came to the ballet school. We lit all kinds of fireworks off the roof — some of those were really alluring.

13 March

Hang out with Kevin and his flighty girlfriend. We went to Old Town, Balboa Park (very jungle-like, fantastic). Met Stampone, had the Valentine's fix (cheapo deliciouso Mexican grub), took off to The Casbah for Sports. The show here. The best part of playing The Casbah is that you can watch the airplanes fly right over your head. The airport is 50 yards away. Earlier that day I had gone with Kevin to the top of the parking garage across the

street and filmed the planes as they roared by. San Diego was immensely lovely and we all agreed it was our best spot so far.

14 March

We are driving straight to San Francisco. The Swiss vetoed L.A. as a place to play, though I really wanted Beck to see them. We drive thru downtown L.A. — it's one of those totally smoggy says that give L.A., such a bad impression, when we arrived in S.F., the Swiss immediately gravitated toward their Swiss friends. This was the only place in the U.S. where there were people they knew, and Swiss they were. Gary and I hung out with my sister Jan and her new German roommate.

16 March

It was a wonderful day. We went to Berkeley, I sold a lot of stuff to Mod Lang and two other stores and then went thrift shopping with my favorite thrift shop cohort, Gary. Today was Ollie's birthday. Jan suggested a fine bakery and we bought a multicolored cake for Ollie and Euli, who never did have much of a birthday a few days before. We surprised Ollie at the gig that night and brought the cake on stage at the end of their set. I suppose it was too much for Ollie. It was such great crowd that night, so we couldn't resist.

17 March

The longggg drive to Portland, Oregon. Smooth, Nice scenery. Half the time Oliver spent in my car — us lecturing each other on social practicalities and musical integrity and wayward ideology. Not really. He laid it on the line: how different the Swiss act. They don't believe in introductions. They are so full of Swiss pride that they only want to be with the Swiss when they have Swiss to hang out with. And strange things like that. A bit of tension. Which now brings us to Trumans' house, Kevin Castell away, so I sleep in his bed reading Andre Breton and let the imagination soar. Our show was at this cool little cafe and sponsored by Brendan of Bugskull. It was how shows should be: loose, and people there digging it, and some free grub and nice management. Rebecca from The Spinanes adored the Swiss. Kevin & Kirk B arrived late, but it's cause they were stoned. Kevin was so paranoid, accompanying me on the drive back to their house and freaking out whenever I changed lanes and sometimes when I didn't. When we got to their house, what else, more pot, and the T.V. on and the sound off, and Supreme Dicks constantly on the turntable.

18 March

Call Ozone at noon. We were supposed to be there at noon, but we'll be there soon enough. There's a good crowd there on Saturdays and a lot of kids will be happily exposed to Sportsguitar. Their single is on display — finally getting the attention it deserves. Everyone at Ozone is super friendly and I get to jam on the zither, a rare thing indeed. (The Swiss don't like to jam.) We get to Seattle and I head towards the Space Needle as usual because I never know where the clubs are there. We wait at a diner for Cameron, the kid who put on the show. Two freaky kids arrive, neither

being Cameron, but they guide us to the house. There's a lot of people here and Sportsguitar go on almost immediately. I call Nils to try to get him to come and next thing I know I see his assistant who tells me Nils should be coming and next thing I see is Nils, grinning as always, and standing in the back. I make sure he gets closer and he thoroughly grooves on the Swiss sound. The kids are dancing (all right, it's about time!) Sports. end and Nils pronouncement: "awesome", just like what he said about "Gong Gong" the first time I played it for him. We crash at his pristine apt. with his wonderful records and doodads. Another Green World over and over again. Nils tells me he hasn't listened to that album in years, and we get really into it. I fall asleep to it and it feels like bliss.

19 March

Breakfast time courtesy of Sub Pop. Nils is a bit hung over, but still

gregarious. He tries to get Jonathan to meet us, but he just flew in from South by Southwest and doesn't make it. Next we head to Sub Pop central and Nils says take what you want, except for his private stash of singles. Sports. take about a hundred tapes and stuff them into my camera bag. We go to the roof and shoot some film and they blow some smoke. Oliver, who doesn't usually smoke cigarettes, is nervous so he smokes. Nils has to meet his mother for somebody's birthday so we drop him off somewhere, and off we go in the direction of East.

23 March

Pure elation does never last, but I knew all along the South, with its warmth, and geography, and its trees, would be the height of this journey. It always is. Heading thru the Lush Carolinas into sensual Georgia and alluring



Gary Olson, Azalia and Olli, Boston, MA

by Oliver Obert

Northern Florida. The hot sun. Everyone was loving it. Oliver and Roli like two kids bursting into the sea. Now they're weary of the long drives. As an American, I always feel it is a primordial voyage, like a pioneer crossing this great land to discover — what — it does not matter. Boise was mellow. They wanted me to drink. So I managed two awful tasting packaged margaritas and felt silly. I was the only one acting truly silly, although there was a mini-disco in the Intrepid at one point, with Euli and Ollie blasting some cheesy dance music and rocking the car. Gary lit off some fireworks and that scared off The Chrome Cranks. Peter had dedicated "The Slider" to me which was sweet. My projector had lost its motor drive. Sportsguitar were grandiose as usual. Yesterday Gary and I had led the Swiss onto a deserted road to investigate an obscure dinosaur "graveyard". Little signs announcing dinosaur fossils and look out for rattlesnakes, and a strangely vacant atmosphere with some wild horses enclosed in fences and not a single other soul to be found. The night before that we had hooked up with the Chrome Cranks in Salt Lake City. We all stayed at a stranger's house with an insane dog and a big Bukowski-inspired schlep of a man. A few of us slept in the basement to avoid both dog and the vapid girl who would not shut up.

27 March

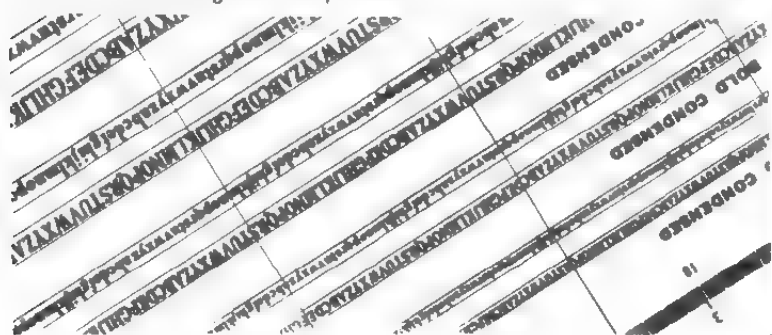
The past five days they've done their best to keep their basically high spirits, but the consistent eight hour drives (none too scenic) have desired them to seek a slightly premature ending. They want to skip Cleveland (no big deal) and maybe Pennsylvania.

Next stop, Beloit, and the always fascinating Andrew Kaiser. He took us to the mega-supermarket and cooked us a truly fine meal, a banquet of sautéed vegetables. The sound was fucked at the C-Haus, but it was still fun. Later that night, Andrew tried to keep me up all night talking music (deja vu), but I finally fell asleep to the Temptations.

Minneapolis — a town I adhere to for many reasons. We were to play a rollicking show at Lee's Liquor Lounge, a thoroughly dynamite place. It's got an old hobo spirit, near the railroad tracks, and just enough out of the way not to become trendy. That day, I did another live 770 AM radio thing and convinced them to have Sports. play as well. That turned out really well. Gearik showed up at the gig, took some really silly photos of us (his fanzine is devoted to food) so he had us pose with bananas and apples and bread. Bridget Shields came to our rescue and took us to her magnificent sprawling apartment, I was put to slumber in a fantastic feather bed which was like sleeping in heaven. Earlier, Euli and Oliver and myself discovered a bizarre video which depicted women in lingerie shooting off guns. Bridget collects weird videos and calls them art. The next morning brought them to Oarfolk Jokeapus with their wondrous collection of singles. Mark Trehus found out I was going to Switzerland and asked me to seek out three terribly rare records that he was willing to pay big bucks for. I turned him on to Sportsguitar, but it was too early in the morning for him to get excited over. Next we stopped at the whole foods store and I got myself the magic eggplant salad. Bridget and her friends were cooking every breakfast food imaginable, but we could not stay. We had to make it to the dreaded Chicago — it's not so much the town I dread, but getting into the town, with the maximum pollution factor and the never-ending loop. Chitown loved the Swiss and they sold everything they had left. We lit some of the last firecrax and they sailed into the Chicago sky. The view was magnifico. They dug the skyline. I was suddenly struck with sadness, knowing how much I'd miss all this.

April 2

Back in New York City. I feel at peace now. In a few days, we'll be back in Europe where the touring is easy. Where the clubs are set up, and they feed you well, and they're always rolling out the red carpets everywhere and there is a sense of history and a sense of how to treat *les artistes*. After we left Chicago, we stayed at a remarkable little place in the middle of Ohio. An old lady gave us a two room suite for three dozen clams. We didn't have to sneak anyone in and she didn't give us a hard time. There was an inane flick on television involving knights with swords. The Swiss were placing bets on who would win the girl, and who would win the final fight — it was just too absurd. In the morning, we took off for the final American drive through the Pennsylvania mountainside. We stopped at a Wendy's for the salad bar fix and I gave Oliver half of my salad. I guess that was all I had left to give at that point.



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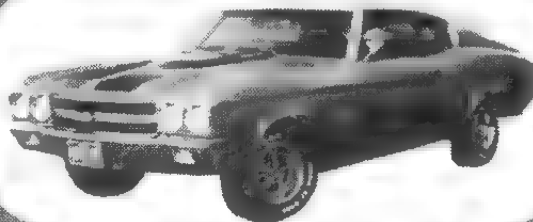
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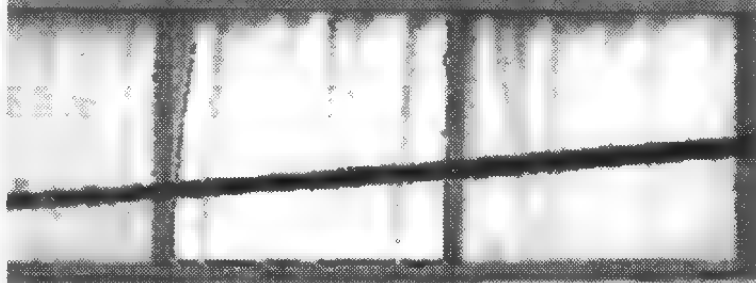
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Ui



One of the fun things about enjoying Ui's music is the mere pleasure of saying their name in conversation. Ooo-wee! Ooo-wee! Try that. Ooo-wee! Man, you could go into fits doing that.... After the

immediate pleasure of saying their name, theirs is a sophisticated music

to bout with. And what a bout it is! After a handful of singles that have been next to impossible to get down here in Georgia, their first full length has been released on Southern. After finding out that they had email capabilities, I contacted Sasha about doing an interview and he gladly accepted it. In a daze, I sent the wrong questions which I only found out later after he responded. Damn! Well, I'm not the kind of person to allow time responding to me go unrewarded, so if these questions seem a bit (shall we say) familiar, you know why. If you don't like it, lump it, as my Mom says.

Hello, Henry.

Clem and Wilbo never turned their answers in, so I've answered on their behalf as best I could with what I know. All that wait was for nothing. I'd love to see some previous issues of your magazine. My address is in the signature of this document. Thanks.

Who are ya?

Here's the boilerplate but there's real stuff later:

Background:

Ui is Sasha Frere-Jones, Fender Jazz basses, Yamaha bass, Gibson SG guitar, Fender Squire guitar (modified), banjo, vocals, percussion, tapes and crap; Clem Waldmann, Leedy and Gretsch drums, percussion; Wilbo Wright, Fender Jazz and Precision basses, acoustic/electric vertical bass, acoustic bass ("doghouse"), banjo, recorders, whistles, toy piano, Korg MS10, vocals, and other stuff. Clem plays drums in Kustard Kings, an instrumental band that plays covers falling halfway between surf and the Meters (and originals in the same vein). The Kustard Kings back up singers at a monthly event called Losers' Lounge at Fez in New York City. Clem became one of the drummers for the Blue Man Group "Tubes" show in fall of 1995. Clem's played with Pizzicato Five (once), Miracle Room (a lot) and others. Wilbo became the permanent third Ui member and other bassist in 1993, right before "The 2-Sided EP" was recorded. He lives in Trenton, New Jersey, where he is a tree farmer. He plays acoustic jazz gigs to pay the rent. He also plays regularly with Toshi Reagon and has toured with Yo La Tengo, Chris Harford, Marc Ribot and a host of other characters. He leads a band called the Tibetan Bowlers, a free improvisation band fond of outlandish gear and props. Sasha played with the Dustdevils (for 5 minutes), David Linton's Electric Owthaus and led a band called Figs, which was basically a Big Flame rip-off. (It may resurface.) Sasha is also working on 1) The Calvinist, a collaborative project; and 2) an experimental beats label called Bingo with Amy Hersenhoren of Lunamoth. He DJs under the name The Calvinist. Ui began in 1991. I had been in a band since 1986 called Dolores. We had two bassists, one guitarist and a drummer. The line-up for that band: Frere-Jones, bass, guitar, vocals; Alex Wright, bass; Tim Thomas, vocals, guitar, trombone; and Dave Reid, drums. Clem attended Dolores shows. He was tall, so I remembered him. Dolores imploded that year. When I found out Clem played drums, I asked him to play with me, as he was familiar with what Dolores was doing (a sometimes successful marriage of noise, funk and heavy rock). Ui was designed to be more skeletal, rhythmic and less frontman-

with-a-guitar than Dolores had been. Clem and I played together once and it seemed to make sense. I asked Alex from Dolores to be the other bassist and we invited our friend David Weeks to make "sounds." David and I shared similar tastes in sound and music. (David designs very excellent lighting fixtures now.) In Ui, he played turntables, tapes, and a Casio calculator/drum machine (the latter featured prominently in "Horn Crown Label" from the first EP). The first Ui gig was in 1992 at The Pyramid Club, which no longer books live bands. Unfortunately, David needed more time to make his art and left the band in 1993 before we had recorded anything. He was not immediately "replaced." Alex Wright left the band in 1993 and Tony Maimone took his place as second bassist for several months. At some point in there, David Linton took David Weeks' position and added samples to our live show, which he triggered from his position at the sound board, as he was doing our live sound. David has been a live musician and composer in New York for more than fifteen years. He was one of the first "rock" musicians to use gates and triggers and samples, which he controlled from his drum kit. Now he is part of a "techno" (for lack of a better word) duo called Circuit Bible with Hahn Rowe, another longtime NYC musician (better known for his guitar and violin work or engineering than his synth playing until now). They play a blend of ambient, jungle and techno on sequencers and live analog synths. David owns the loft we rehearsed in for several years (which was used for a party I sometimes DJed called Ouch! and is now home to a party called Soundlab) and he contributed a mix of "the Piano" (From Sidelong) to our "Unlike" album of remixes. Justine Wolfenden of Hemiola saw an Ui gig at Brownies in late 1992 and suggested that we do a single. That grew into "The 2-Sided EP," recorded in July of 1993 and released in December of 1993. We hooked up with Southern when we came to Chicago for two dates with Tortoise and Labradford as part of a small tour in the summer of 1995.

DISCOGRAPHY:

Recording line up for all records is as stated at intro: December, 1993: The 2-Sided EP (23 minutes) (Hemiola 5, UK) (Hemiola, 35 arnbrough Street, Burley, Leeds LS4 2QY UK. November, 1995: Unlike: Remixes, Volume One (49 minutes) (Lunamoth M260005, CAN) February, 1996: The Sparkie EP (27 minutes); "Match My Foot/D Remix Number One" 7"; I-sided DJ 7-inch w "D Remix Number Two" (Soul Static Sound 10, 11 and 12). March/April, 1996: Sidelong (48 minutes) (Southern, US) (the CD version has

three bonus illustrations not available on the vinyl version) There will be more recordings in 1996, including a Southern CD reissue of 2-Sided EP including other songs recorded at the time of first EP (July 93), one or two more 12-inches and possibly a 7-inch of early stuff from the first year or so of the band. Ui will also participate in "Techno Animal Versus," a collaboration between five artists and Techno Animal wherein the artists and Techno Animal exchange tapes via mail. Each artist will produce a final mix of the collaboration as will Techno Animal, resulting in ten tracks. Scheduled combatants as of March 10, 1996: Ui, Tortoise, DJ Vadim, Thomas Köner, WordSound. This album is slated to be released on Mille Plateaux. Ui will also be appearing on two Virgin UK compilations in 1996: "Psychedelic Mutant Jazz" and "Monsters, Robots and Bugmen."

How did the band start? (see above)

SF: I'll add this: Some of the Ui material dated back to the early days of Dolores (circa 86) when I made up songs by taping Trouble Funk records on my 4-track and playing over them. Many early Ui songs had words but were dropped after a while because they got in the way. Ui Mach I with David Weeks and Alex Wright was a band entirely distinct from the current Ui. The material was faster, more varied and had, not surprisingly, lots of tape and vinyl embellishments. The ideal Ui will be a blend of the two approaches.

How long have you been playing?

As individuals? Each more than 20 years. As a band, since 1991. Wilbo joined in 1993.

How did you learn?

I learned to play guitar and piano via lessons at church and with private instructors, none of which lasted more than a year. I sang in several church musicals when I was very young. It was at this same church that I bought my first electric guitar from someone who also turned me on to Kiss and cigarettes and BB guns and garbage bags full of water. I eventually ended up in a band but switched to bass in high school. I learned mostly by playing along with songs on the radio, generally Afrika Islam and Mr. Magic, who had the first rap shows in NY in the early 1980s. Songs like "Time" by Stone, "Jazzy Sensation," "Pull Up to the Bumper," etc. are what I played along with. Wilbo played in bands as a kid and eventually went to Berklee School of Music. (I know the first song he ever learned to play on the bass was Creedence's "Down On the Corner.") Clem was in the marching band at Michigan State and also went to music school in California. I forget the name of it. They've both played with loads of different people and Wilbo is what you could legitimately call a jazz musician. I've only played in the three bands I've been in (with a few minor exceptions).

What does the band try and do with its music?

Entertain ourselves, stay awake, stave off the next bout of talking to each other, make physically affecting sounds, surprise ourselves, get loose, make it happen.

How would you describe the band's live performances?

Always better than the previous one and usually quite affordable. I move around if I'm not too freaked out about something. Once Clem wore this polka-dot vest. Wilbo once threw down his vertical bass in a fit of righteous anger--the people were not WITH US--and the fingerboard popped off, just like that. Boy, was he steamed!

How do the live performances relate to the band's recorded works?

They're much louder. They're much shorter. Audiences in NY aren't our favorites. Jedi at the Cooler sometimes gives us a lot of drink tickets, sometimes not very many. Back when they started in late 1993 they had a free case of beer back stage and peanuts. Then the peanuts disappeared. Then the beer disappeared. Then you got fluorescent plastic chips to use as drink tickets. Then he started handing out, like, Star Wars cards. I don't know what's going to happen next.

What's the band's philosophy on touring?

It would be a good idea. We plan to set out in a few months for midwest and northeast. Then we will finally do the aborted UK trip.

What are the most important components of the band's sound and philosophy? Why?

Not to be difficult, but there's not much of an answer to this. We don't talk about it much which isn't to say I don't have a pretty firm idea of what I do and don't want to hear but it's done more on a case by case basis. We like things that are physical, and things that surprise us. We listen to the sound of what we do and try to derive our aesthetic from that and not from outside. It's also important to not plan too much, so we play observation and heads down charging off each other. The band isn't much of a departure for me because I've never been in a traditional rock band and I started as a DJ. All this post-rock folderol is sort of besides the point. We've been here for years, as LL said, and now the hole in the card is passing over us, so we're visible, the bad news is, once bad pop music becomes the vogue again, I'll be doing the same thing.

Name the strong points of the band. How about weak points?

Strong points: Invigorating and intellectually challenging music and fully-formed aesthetic experience. Weak points: See "Strong points." Uh, more seriously. We play well together. We edit ourselves ruthlessly. I work my ass off. Clem has no ass and is no use in this department. We're not big on waste. We're sort of old for rock guys. Our expectations are low but our desires are high. We have a lot of time in the truck listening to tapes so we can figure out how we played certain things. Wilbo has a lot of cool gear. Weak points: We never rehearse. We don't communicate very well. We don't make very much money. We live in NY.

What type of equipment do you play? Would you become a paid endorser of their product?

I play fender basses (and a Yamaha bass which is pretty crappy) and an SVT rig. Wilbo plays fender basses and a mesa-boogie rig. Clem has Gretsch and Leedy drum kits. We would all probably endorse everything we play. I have an SG, too. Gibson rocks.

Name three words that would best describe the band.

Spare linear rhythm

What was your first musical experience? How do you think it helped you get to where you are now?

I bought the Fifth of Beethoven 45 when I was 7. First band I ever saw was Pandemonium in my school auditorium, featuring Genji Siraisi, who went onto become the drummer in Groove Collective. He's a great drummer. They played Jumpin Jack Flash. I got a stiffy and felt all funny.

Name some records/tapes that you take with you on trips, tour, etc.

Entire Creedence catalog. Whatever jungle 12s I have just taped. Dub records which make Wilbo mad because he hates the melodica. Lots of Mingus. This Heat. (I am thinking of our most recent tapes.) Er, Flying Burritos. Wilbo plays this Meatball Fluxus tape but I don't like it. Tapes of the John Peel show. Tapes of the Stretch Armstrong show. Tapes of rehearsals which make us nap. The Brise Glace album went over pretty big, as did Jeru tha Damaja. Autechre. Lotsa George Jones. Lotsa Can. Some Miles albums but not all of them. Enough.

Can you speak any foreign languages?

Spanish, some French, a few words of Turkish.

Can you do any impersonations of famous people?

Bill Cosby, John Malkovich, a few people in my office.

What have you been meaning to do, but have put off for a while?

This interview, filing, getting an MRI of my ear, fixing my contact lenses, going to bed, going to the dentist, my taxes (this weekend), getting a new promo shot of the band.

Contact Ui:

Sasha Frere-Jones, 295 Greenwich Street, Suite 356, New York, NY 10007 or frerejon@interport.net



as you can get without selling your soul to the devil. The Weird Al Yankovic article didn't read too well, but that's to be expected. One of those "you had to be there" type things. Uh, if you're yearning for the days of yore, this is meant for you.

★**BORN TO KILL** (#1/\$4, 106 Oakly Road, Southcrest, Redditch Worcs. B97 4EE England) A gargantuan behemoth for those of you nestled on the toilet for the count. Predominantly mail interviews with TeenGenerate, Trashwomen, Bikini Kill, Pain Teens....the list is just too damn long to give in these confined spaces. PJ has definitely been on the scene for eons and still has an unconditional love for music, the lucky bastard. Very text heavy, but not intimidating. He didn't include a price, but I think four bucks will just cover postage, so send extra if'n you can.

★**COOL BEANS** (#4/\$5, 3181 Mission #113, SF, CA 94110/mattkelly@college.antioch.edu) A husky collection of interviews, reviews, reviews, and more reviews! Did I mention reviews?! Man, they must get a ton of stuff there at *Cool Beans*. Anyways, their style and tastes are definitely what the local paper here would coin as "indie rock." The bonus compilation single with Mountain Goats, WCKR SPGT, Biscuit and the affable Three Day Stubble should close the doors to indecisiveness as to whether or not to pick this up.

CRIBBAGE WORLD (Vol XVI #11/\$8 per year, POB 5604, Missoula, MT 59806) So I'm getting into the high paced, live-or-die world of cribbage....gonna make something of it!!!! It's definitely not a coolsville type game now, but you just wait! I can see this game replacing the hacky-sack (aka bendoverandpickitup). Fellow geeks unite!

ESCANDOLO! (#4/free from Matador) Even though they push their own goods full throttle in this self-published zine-type pub, it still reads better than most trash I get in my mailbox. It's all written by Matador stooges which makes me wonder whether or not this decadence is written on company time, or uh.... Hey, I guess it's like the pot calling the kettle black!

FEMINIST BASEBALL (#14.25/\$1, POB 9609, Seattle, WA 98109) Jeff pretty much hits the nail on the head in the first paragraph when he states that this is almost all reviews. Not to say that there's anything wrong with that, but as I've heard said in the past, reviewing music is like dancing about architecture. His taste is pretty straight on and he makes no apologies. Rock onwards!

★**FOURBALL** (#2/\$2, 69 Governor Box 214, Providence, RI 02906) Given their blatant disregard for layout (not that I'm one to throw stones), *Fourball* is as comfortable as an old pair of Chuck Taylors. Heavy coverage on local band action and interviews with same along with a pile of reviews top things off. A kindred spirit to say the least.

FOXY (#4/\$3?, 3770 Tansy Street, San Diego, CA 92121/foxy@tummyeto.com) Anything that's part of the Tummyeto digiverse®™ can't be all that bad, but I just get sort of a queasy feeling flipping through this. Full color everything (even the masthead!) and drenched in all of that post-skate punk fashion that the kids are really digging nowadays. Man, I'm only 27 and this makes me feel old. Where's my cane?

HIP CLOWN RAG (#4/\$2, POB 9609, Seattle, WA 98109/nancyo23@scn.org) Being the non-zine buying dork that I am (I'm serious), I feel like a heel for not catching onto this sooner. Nancy is responsible for Cher Doll Records (Neutral Milk Hotel and Crayon amongst others) and this pub which is just plain spiff. Apart from a Hawkwind article (?!), there's 25 reasons to like TV Personalities (need there be more than one?), an account of Yo-Yo-A-Go-Go '94, and reviews until they burst out of your orifice of choice. Go!

64 SLICES OF AMERICAN CHEESE (#10/free, courtesy of Ché) Just think of this as a tasteful hybrid between a label newsletter and a cozy (yet crappily laid out) mess of paper passing as a zine. Gallons upon gallons...geez! Sorry, metric! Litres and litres of label goings-on (via roundabout articles), reviews aplenty and an unexpected interviews with Darla Records. For a freebie, it's a no-lose situation.

★**BEER FRAME** (#5/\$2, 160 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, NY 11217/krazykat@pipeline.com) Paul strikes me as a very obsessive compulsive guy and I guess he prides himself on it. It's obviously helped him find his writing style, and what a style it is! Intensely pensive rants on food, services and music which actually gave me a knot in my forehead. It made me think laterally which is unusual at least for me.

BEN IS DEAD (#26/\$4, POB 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028) I can't fathom why anybody would want to wax endlessly about the sheer tackiness of the 70's and 80's, but hey, whatever floats your boat, I guess. To repeat, this being *Retro Hell Part Two*, it's drenched heavily in all that I (and you, most likely) grew up despising. *Ben Is Dead* is about as simultaneously high tech and creative

HMMM... (#5/\$2, 401 16th Street #2, Bellingham, WA 98225/sberry@kristina.az.com) Another healthy dosage of sex-oh sound attitude from the only folk ballsy enough to have a zine in Bellingham, WA (home of the Estrus Throttle Factory). Los Straightjackets and Lee Joseph interviews along with reviews. So on and so forth.

JAZZ WISE (#2/\$1, 5184 Avanti Court, Stone Mountain, GA 30088) A little too flimsy in the printing department, but as the budding jazzbo that I am, this was sort of intriguing when you consider it's free. A lot of contemporary artists are covered which I'm pretty lost on, but there are a couple of photo exposés with the likes of Duke Ellington, Billy Eckstein, Max Roach, Miles Davis and Ella Fitzgerald. Quite a change of pace.

KAT BARF (#6/\$1, 4707 Delbrook Road, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055) The most comfortable clump of xeroxed pages that you could hope to get. Sure, Emily's a bit confused, but which of us ain't? She rocks in my book and I know from experience that the Lower Susquehanna Valley (Penna.) is a bummer of a barren wasteland. Musical tastes lean heavily towards 'wimp-o-rama', but who gives a shit? She also put out *Fah-Q Shnukums* which is more (them) female oriented. Excuse me while I blush....

★MIGHT (#9 & #10/150 4th St., #650, SF, CA 94103/mightmag@aol.com) I keep wondering how much longer *Might* can go without becoming stale, but it hasn't happened yet. I don't want it to get spoiled by the passage of time. Hold it close and rely to it in times of doubt. There is no higher recommendation in my book.

MULTIBALL (#9/\$1, POB 40005, Portland, OR 97240-0005) For a zine that revolves around pinball (no matter how much I love the game) it still is sorta stale. The writing's great and all, but it's like these 'concept' zines really don't do much for me. Interview with Tara Key from Antietam (talking about, you guessed it, pinball!) is rather scintillating. Did I mention pinball? I do have to give them credit though, their writing is fantastic and their taste is pretty top drawer. Hoo boy!

★PERSONALITY ON PARADE: A PSYCHOANALYTIC ANALYSIS OF THE ZINE REVOLUTION

\$1?, Fred Wright, c/o English Department, 113 Satterfield Hall, Kent State University, Kent, OH 44242) I can guarantee (with relative certainty) that this will be the only homework assignment that I will ever review in *Chunklet*. This is a partial fulfillment for Fred's Masters from Kent State and it's, uh, a sort of academic (in a non-academic sort of way) dissection of the zine culture/phenomenon. Footnotes, bibliography and appendices, baby! Just like you'll remember from all those horrific collegiate days gone by.

Well written (doy!), and easily worth a handful of stamps. (note: Fred might not be willing to part with this easily. Ask nicely, and ye shall receive, I'm sure.)

★PTOLEMAIC TERRASCOPE (#19/\$7, 37 Sandridge Road, Melksham Wiltshire, SN12 7BQ, England/philmm@dircon.co.uk) European fanzines rarely make it over to the States for a number of reasons. Most importantly, there's just too damn many over here to begin with.

However, along with *Fear and Loathing* and *Bucketful of Brains* (come to think of it, is BOB still around?) *Terrascopes* is a pick in an otherwise unattainable litter. This issue, like all others, is heavily drenched in psychedelia and 60's sounds with hints of contemporary noise/ambient works. The Lyres, Bevis Frond (a member of whom is on the *PT* staff) and Frank Zappa are a couple of convenient touchstones for the unaware. A single with Roots of Echo and Wellwater Conspiracy further tempt those on the brink of purchase.

THE GREAT BRITISH MISTAKE (AK Press, POB 40682, San Francisco, CA 94140) An eponymous collection of the UK fanzine they call

Vague. Wow. It's a real kick in the pants to see what could be done with little to no technical assistance. And this was less than 20 years ago! You name it, *Vague* covered it. AK Press have been kind enough to compile it for our naive little peanuts. Inspiring even to geezers like me...

★THE PROBE (#5/\$4, POB 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566) I think I'm safe to say that this is the only zine I've received that could get your rocks off. Yes, polaroids and whatnot of naked babes, and no apologies to you lame-assed PC fags who don't like it. He reviews all of his previous girl toys which if it were me would've been a quick sentence or two. Aaron rambles (quite well, I might add) for a good 14 pages with photos as lethal proof. Man, I bet this guy is making a lot of friends. At least his sex life is healthy. Lucky bastard.

YAKUZA/RUNT split (#7-#24/\$5, POB 26039, Wilmington, DE 19899/yakuzazine@aol.com) Surprisingly, this was a pretty quick read, but in a fulfilling sort of way. The *Runt* side was pretty heavy on the cutesy aspect of things relying more on appearance than substance, and *Yakuza* tackles the "everybody can relate to it" topic of grandparents. Comes with a forgettable single featuring Nik-L-Nip and Nana B.. It's still in the top of the pile next to the toilet, so it can't be that lame, can it?

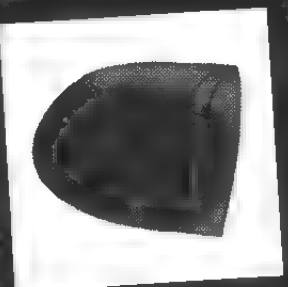
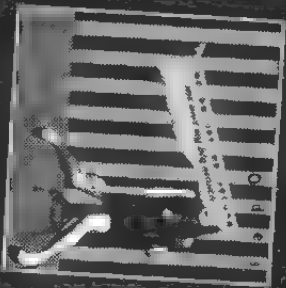


the Karl Hendricks Trio
For a While, It Was Funny ed. lp



Neutral Milk Hotel
On Avery Island ed. lp

Odes
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LIVE REVIEWS

much more lively than record reviews, don't you think?

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT/CLAW HAMMER/QUADRAJETS/SUPERNOVA

40 WATT, ATHENS 29NOV95

MASQUERADE, ATLANTA 30NOV95

This is one of those shows you just can't forget. Unfortunately, the bland Athens crowd could. Maybe 150 people were there to witness four great examples of rock. All four bands have ties to Sympathy, so it was no coincidence that Long Gone John was lurking around at the show. I was introduced to John about five times by five different people. Enough already! I'm sure you can already predict what I'll say about all four bands, so I'll save the space. However, I was completely floored that John, sorry....Speedo, remembered me the next night in Atlanta at the (ugh) Masquerade. Once again, who's for torching that shithole of a club? Anyone?

OLIVIA MIND CONTROL METHOD/YEAR ZERO/RENA MARIE/GRIVER/KINCAID/PROMISE RING

THE LANDFILL, ATHENS 6JAN96

The evening of a bajillion bands and I just stuck around to see the first one which was a quick impromptu set by Bill and Will OTC, Penny (who was on tour with Azalia Snail) and Jeff Mangum from Neutral Milk Hotel who was in town to pick up the boys on their way to Denver to record. Man, that was a bad run-on sentence. The OMCM was a noisy (Neu-sy) drone type jam that only went on for about 5 minutes and the cavalcade of bands began. Most of the bands blended into one another and didn't leave an impression. I do seem to remember that Promise Ring were OK, but I can't remember why. I know they've got something out on Jade Tree which means they must be at least average. Whatever. I was working the door most of the evening, so the music turned into noise by the time it got back to me at my post. *Interesting side note:* During Jeff Mangum's stay here in town, he and I went to Gyland's for a late dinner on a Friday night. Now, I had never been to Gyland's after dark because I heard that all the waitresses turn into vampires like in *Dusk to Dawn*. Nah, I'm just kidding. Only the bartenders do. Seriously, Gyland's does have a big-time frat boy population at night, so when we arrived to have dinner, we stuck out like a couple of sore thumbs. We ordered our meal and didn't get a thing (apart from our drinks) for the better part of an hour. When our waitress came to apologize, I deftly suggested that they give us our meals for free. She did and I had an extra \$6 in my pocket. We gave her a \$5 tip, though, so she wasn't left holding the ball. Meal was great, but the service sucked some serious wang that night.

BEDHEAD

ATOMIC, ATHENS 22JAN96

Walking up to the Atomic at 10PM, I saw a group of people huddling around in a semi-circle mumbling underneath their breath. Having nothing to lose, I asked if they were Bedhead. Sure enough, they were. And they weren't too terribly happy to be in Athens on their day off from touring with Luna. In fact, a million thoughts were racing through their minds--none of which involved playing at the Atomic. Creepy. The show wasn't promoted at all (one of numerous problems they had that night), and as I warmed up to them, the idea was kicked around of doing an impromptu show at the Landfill. A call here, a call there, no problemo. And although they were on the verge of going along with it, Bedhead and crew decided to go through with the show. When you consider that virtually nobody knew about this show, a considerable amount of folk came out for Bedhead's first Athens appearance. And what an appearance t'was! Deafeningly loud, multi-chord, lo-pulse hum rock.. I don't know how else to put it. Everything I expected.

LOST MAN/SPATULA/RAYMOND BRAKE

LANDFILL, ATHENS 27JAN96

Another splendid Landfill show. Lost Man started the evening's festivities for the night. For their 7th or 8th show, it wasn't half bad. I do still think that they're funny. Not that I'm laughing at them, rather I'm laughing with them. Maybe you wouldn't understand. What can I say about Spatula without sounding like I've got my tongue up their asses? They



Will Hart, Jeff Mangum and Bill Doss as the Olivia Mind Control Method

SHORT ATTENTION SPAN REVIEWS

SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS STAR BAR, ATLANTA DEC95

The second of two sold out nights at a club that could best be described as a walk-in closet. 200+ people hollering at the top of their lungs as Southern Culture whooped up a hell of a racket. Two lengthy sets, each of which was over an hour long. Magic. No two doubts about it. And although reports may be made to the contrary, I was the best Santo on stage that night.

BOSS HOG/OBLIVIANS 40 WATT, ATHENS DEC95

Looking back, this was a show among shows! The Oblivians were happy to be there. Touring with Teengenerate last month, I missed them as I was in Chicago for the final Tar show, but this made up for it. Whooooo, Nelly! Even with the gorgeous 40 Watt sound system, the Oblivs sounded like crap. Just the way they like it, I s'pose. Boss Hog had never played Athens before, and I know a good portion of the crowd were there for that 'debut' Athens performance. Everybody I ran into the next day thought they were brilliant. Me? Maybe I was just a bit grumpy, but I thought they choked. HACK!

YO LA TENGO/STICKY 40 WATT, ATHENS 29JAN96

The opening band should have been called Sucky instead of Sticky. YLT seemed tired. So tired, in fact, that they're wispy, atonal drone made *me* sleep. I went to sit on the bench in the back and fell asleep. I woke up as people were emptying out of the club after the show. Man, I feel like such a square for telling you that, but it's the truth.

RADIO: TAHITI

LUNCH PAPER, ATHENS 8FEB96

Definitely one of the most under-rated bands in town. And playing at the Lunch Paper made it all that much more entertaining. The line up has changed more times than my mind on a Saturday night, but now they have a solid five man defensive line. I know alot of folk don't get R:T, but I most certainly do. They remove all the campy/goth elements from the tired industrial genre, and blast forth without regard to personal safety. Maybe it's the gallons upon gallons of beer that's piping thru their system, but they seemed to hit the nail on the head this night. I felt like a total dweeb for being the only one in sight wearing earplugs. With R:T, it's a must unless you like your eardrums to bleed.

were superior. Flat out, boyee! A two piece sporting one of the most full sounds I've ever heard for such a stripped line up. The cherry on top was provided when a cellist played with them for the last four songs. Totally unbelievable. I've never been a big fan of Raymond Brake's, and this show did not help change that opinion. When the cops came to break things up a little after 2AM, thereby cutting RB's set, I wasn't terribly disappointed. Maybe I'll need another shot at them. Naaah, probably not.

GEEZER LAKE

ATOMIC, ATHENS 1FEB96 40 WATT, ATHENS 6MAR96

Imagine to my amazement when I got home from a night of livin' large to find a panicked message from Chunklet staffer Phil W. on my answering machine. In what could only be thought of as a miracle, Geezer Lake were to play at the Atomic. No advance warning or nothin'. Well, my shoes were already off and I was about to take a shower, but I 86'd that and got down to witness this band whose records I love so much. Right as I arrived, they started. And the whalloping crowd of (maybe) 20 people could've cared less for the most part. To be frank, I think Geezer Lake was thinking the same way. A real forgetful performance, but their songs still stood up well. I think pouring salt on this

wound now would be defeating. The show at the 40 Watt a month later was definitely more of the same. They even apologized for sucking which is worse than admitting defeat. Why even go on? The opening band was Grover who has a tenuous link with Let's Active. Even giving them

this bit of a credential, they knew of lame, and played it well.

BLUES EXPLOSION/DEMOLITION DOLLRODS/R. L. BURNSIDE MASQUERADE, ATLANTA 1FEB96 THE NICK, BIRMINGHAM 2FEB96

Now you can be guaranteed that unless it's Jehovah himself, I won't go into the Masquerade for just anybody. And as you would predict, I was teetering on my endorsement of this show. The matter was sealed when I found out that Spencer & Co. would be playing the next night at the Nick in Birmingham, Alabama. Now to anybody that hasn't been there, the Nick (along with the Wreck Room) is by far one of the dumpiest clubs in the South hands down. And given the teensy size of the club, it'd definitely be a shoe-in for a grade A gig. Or one would think...

The night of the Atlanta show, the entire South was hit with a relatively harmless amount of snow. And although anybody above Virginia would laugh their ass off at this, the whalloping half inch of snow (a steep one inch in the drifts) effectively shut down everything. I mean everything! Judging by reports I had received on the 2nd, there was no way I was going to be heading over to Alabama. Later, I found out that all the roads were shut down in Birmingham. Yikes! So chances are, there wasn't a show anyway that night. The pill was a little less bitter when I remembered back to seeing the Demolition Dollrods in town about a year ago and remembering how much they blew. Oh well, I think I had a valid excuse missing both of these. Don't I?

MARTIANS/HAYRIDE/FUZZY SPROUTS MENTAL HEALTH BENEFIT, 40 WATT, ATHENS 2FEB96 WOGGLES/FLAT DUO JETS ATOMIC, ATHENS 2FEB96



The Rocket From The Crypt ensemble at the Watt

The For Carnation

m a r s h m a l l o w s



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Please pardon me as I roll my eyes, but I think I've had enough of local bands grouping together in a lame attempt to raise dough for everything. It's getting a bit tiresome. This being the 6th Annual Retard Benefit was worn out to say the least. And the art faggy motif was done ad nauseam. Old training films and artists 'doing their thing' only added to my bile. Stuck around to see a bit of the Martians and could not bear the self congratulatory, back-slapping air of the night one minute more. The Woggles and Flat Duo Jets were playing down the street so I split. Could you blame me?

I swear, every time I see the Woggles they have a new line up. The only constant is that lovely Mr. Jones, but dammit if they weren't great. Rockin' and a'rollin' the way I always love to think of them as doing. The Flat Duo Jets were also on the bill as being "re-united." Hell, they're giving Big Star a run for the money in that department. Although I bow down before their first two LPs, this show was mighty tepid. So tepid in fact that I left after 7 songs. Maybe I was just tired.

TRACTOR HIPS/REBAR/HI SCORE LANDFILL, ATHENS 3FEB96

Mother Nature puts less than a half inch of snow on the ground and this town freezes to a halt. Both Tractor Hips and Rebar were traveling from North Carolina and were able to make it, but the pansy asses here in town couldn't! What a bunch of girls! As I worked the door, I think three people paid. Ouch! Most depressing night at the 'ol Landfill. Rebar were adequate, but Tractor Hips throbbed hither and thither. They turned off the lights and allowed people to watch high speed race car collisions (on television, not on the streets outside!) as the music provided a suitable soundtrack. Walked across the street to see a police cruiser doing do-nuts in the Varsity parking lot. At that time, I knew it was time to leave. Another Hi-Score experience would have to wait.

5IVE STYLE

DARK HORSE TAVERN, ATLANTA 12FEB96

Three of us went while two of us were baked. Me being the driver for this little expedition, I was stone cold sober. And what was my big mistake? Forgetting to take a bag of styrofoam popcorn out of the back seat which made my driving time almost as annoying as Cheech and Chong who were playing with the bag and giggling like little schoolgirls. We get to the Dark Horse and there couldn't have been 10 people there by the time 5ive Style hit the stage. Tops. What immediately struck me about their live show was the audience unfriendly vibe they gave off. Apart from this, the guitar playing was more like guitar *finessing*. The rest of the band needed something-*anything*-to get them moving. One of my traveling buddies went up to the band after the show and asked about their ripping off Led Zeppelin on one song to which they sorta acted puzzled and then giggled. It's that goofball Wicker Park thing, I've been told. Whatever.

HARVEY MILK/MARTIANS/ HALL OF FAME/HAYRIDE/ JUICIFER REHEARSAL SPACE, ATHENS 5FEB96

The thing that amused me the most about this insider/townie show was the fact that some guy rents out part of this space as his living quarters. Huh? I accidentally went into his room--which judging from the looks of it was a meat locker in a previous life--and he promptly kicked me out. It wasn't until later that I found out that he was a tenant. Given the sheer decibel level blasting out of this space, I think he should've spent the night at a friend's house. Free beer, five bands. You can't go wrong. Doug and I left at 3:30 and Hayride had yet to go on. Hey! Without even

SHORT ATTENTION SPAN REVIEWS (CON'D)

WUNDERKIND/KINCAID/HI SCORE SKATE-A-ROUND USA, ATHENS 18FEB96

Wimpo alterna-pop bands playing at a regular club would leave me a bit queasy, but given the venue, it worked out OK. By the end of Kincaid's set, I had some major league blisters on my feet from the poorly fitted (and probably moldy) skates I'd been wearing. When both Hi-Score and Kincaid collaborated to play Joe Christmas' "Coupleskate", I knew it was time to it-splay from the ink-ray. It was a wise choice. However, it was in no way connected to the fact that Hi-Score were about to play. I just had to go. Swear.

HALF COCKED MOVIE/SLEEPYHEAD 40 WATT, ATHENS 18MAR96

For such a great movie, Sleepyhead were sure dull. The movie, which hosts a veritable conucopia of today's indie elite, follows the story of Truck Stop who are a fictitious band made up of 3/4 of Rodan, 1 Ruby Fall and that wacko Jon Cook. It follows their escapades and gets a bit tedious at times, but is overall worthwhile. The man known as Ian Svej plays Tara Jane's sister and is easily the closest thing to comedy relief in the flick. But Sleepyhead! Man, you can't get that kind of sleep at home. I couldn't stand it, so I quickly made my way outside for good.

SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS/ WOGGLES LANDFILL, ATHENS 21MAR96

I've always thought that the garage contingent in town is better suited for house parties, and this show only helped to support my argument. Mayhem. Absolute mayhem, I tells ya. Bodies flying, women dancing and booze flowing freely. Man. The Swingin' Neckbreakers played for over an hour and it was unrelentingly enjoyable. The Woggles were in fine form as well, but me thinks Manfred was a bit loaded. Maybe that's why they were so goofy. Highly enjoyable.



Harvey Milk face off with the crowd!

trying, it was just like any other Athens club! Sticking around for five bands until sunrise is a bit too devoted for my blood.

**LOST MAN/JOE CHRISTMAS/BLONDE REDHEAD
40 WATT, ATHENS 13FEB96**

It's rare when the opening band steals the show, and given the Lost Man's sort of substandard performance this night, that's saying alot. After Duh Lost Man, things went downhill fast. Really fast. Joe Christmas just couldn't get their act together. Stumbling over their cords and changing strings and whatnot. I felt sorry for them. Then there was that Blonde Redhead band. It was a true

wonder to see that Blonde Redhead could actually get on stage without putting on knee pads. Man, they pour on the Sonic influence pretty damned thick if y'ask me. Too thick. Ugh. If Blonde Redhead weren't entrenched in that 'indie cred' that folks keeps talking about, there'd have been no one there. And who would've cared? Just a bunch of smooty, cooler-than-thou New Yorkers. God, it makes me want to go postal on Steve Shelley for even putting their records out. You would think he'd notice their insincerity and get off the bat.

PULL OUTS/SICKO

THE LANDFILL, ATHENS 7MAR96

**CAT POWER/BUTTERGLORY/
ROCK*A*TEENS**

ATOMIC, ATHENS 7MAR96

The most memorable thing about the Sicko gig at the Landfill wasn't the music (however punchy it might've been), but rather it was the fact that I met another Owings. Now to people with more common names--and trust me, there are few that are less--this means nothing, but when I went to sign the Sicko mailing list and saw "Noah Owings" in the slot before mine, I flipped. When I found this unbeknownst relative from Alabama, he also lost it. As somebody who's moved around alot in my life, I have never ever met an Owings that I wasn't immediately related to. Sure, there are Owens, Ewens and Orwigs by the truckloads, but believe you me, this was an event for the Chunklet readership to share. There were people around both of us who were wondering what we just smoked, but it's their loss, I guess. I should also mention that Sicko were incredible. Simply incredible. Short, powerful cuts of teen angst fury. Huh? Oh, I forgot, I'm not allowed to use clichés like that. Sorry. I left the Landfill a little early just so I could catch the newly signed Matador act Cat Power. Now, don't get me wrong, I think Chris and Gerard are doing a whiz-bang job over there at signing bands, but this was just plain retarded. A one person act (as opposed to the 'band' set up I was expecting) of nothing more than meandering, electro-acoustic blah. I actually saw people scurrying to the pinball machines in the back of the club during Cat Power's set, if that's any indication. Butterglory? Well, I guess as far as stage performances go, the only band I've

seen with less of an audience rapport would be Palace. God, did they ever bore me. However, everybody else there seemed to be of a different opinion, so maybe I'm just being grumpy and contradictory. The bluesabilly Rock*a*Teens were then up with their first performance in town since their debut CD release on that label run by the Indigo Girls (suck). Although I've done my utmost to try and give the Teens my backing, I'm afraid all I can say is that they're nice people. 20 minutes into their set, the bulk of the crowd was gone--obviously reeling after the 'intense' Butterglory set--and I felt it best to follow suit. Could somebody fill me in as to what I'm missing?



*The emcee for the second night at Trashbash.
A clown? Oh, yeah. Boy, that is funny! I'm
dyin' over here!*

TRASHBASH '96

**SUPERVIXENS/HATE BOMBS/
IMPALA/OBLIVIANS/FLAT DUO
JETS (1ST NIGHT)**

**SVENGALIS/ROYAL
PENDLETONS/QUADRAJETS/
WOGGLES/MAN OR ASTROMAN?
(2ND NIGHT)**

ATOMIC, ATHENS 8 & 9MAR96

I'm just going to get this off my chest, and hope that it doesn't offend anybody I know. Is it just me, or is this garage 'fest' thing just getting a bit out of hand? Not to sound jaded, but how many times can you get Man or Astroman? and the Woggles to play together? Like that's something new. What's so funny is when I set up the shows where Tar played with MOA?, all of the little garage boys and girls turned up their grimy noses saying that they didn't understand why they were sharing the same stage. Jesus Christ, people, how about something even more remotely challenging than a white trash festival with the same bands?! How about go-go dancers?

Man, that hasn't been done before! Bar-B-Que? Wow, how original! I even give Dave Crider extra bonus points for not doing Garageshock this year. I suppose with all of the other similar events around here (Florida's Raunch-o-Rama, North Carolina's Sleazefest, Chicago's Bottleshock and Georgia's Trashbash come to mind), he didn't want to belabor this concept which he was instrumental in starting. So I'm a bit grumpy over this whole thing! It was suggested that what would be better is a Sci-Fi Music Festival with MOA?, Six Finger Satellite, Supernova and Brainiac? Nah, I guess it really should be the law that these garage bands should fester together in their own clique-stewed juices. Good luck, fools! Now that I've gotten that out of my system, allow me to say that the following bands left the biggest impressions with me:

Impala-Replete with Supervixen's own go-go troupe, they bumped and grinded forsooth. Sultry and humid, just like the South itself. Their 10" makes alot of automotive references, but maybe I'm just square, I didn't get that part. Oblivians-I thought it was the best show I've ever seen them do. However, there were folks who were at both this and the Teengenerate/Oblivians/Woggles gig in Atlanta over Thanksgiving that said that one was better. I even had people ask if I recorded that show. Man, you supply

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the tape for one live Oblivians LP, everybody thinks you record everything. Jeesh! Royal Pendletons-I didn't know that a Pendleton is one of those plaid jackets like you see in those old 60's lounge movies. Who knew? Very dapper, yet trashy. Low budget surf would be a good touchstone for the uninitiated. Quadrajets-Chet sobered up from the previous night enough to smash his nice guitar into a million pieces. They're still 100% WFO (Wide Fuckin' Open) and more burly than that comparatively tame CD that Sympathy put out last year.

Man or Astroman?-I hold myself in contempt for getting Coco shit-hammered prior to their set. This compounded with the fact that the band was not getting alot of help from the soundman made things pretty difficult for something that should've been a breeze. Angels sang, babies cried, Starcrunch destroyed a television and I got pieces of glass shot into my hand.

What more do you want from a band that the hipsters seem to think is boring?

**GRITTY
KITTY/MARINER
9/LOST MAN
THE LANDFILL,
ATHENS 12MAR96**

The most bothersome things with local bands is the fact that there's no fine line between what's good and what's not. It's either really, really incredible, or

really, really horrible. Period. And Gritty Kitty didn't even bother to teeter the fine line. You guessed it, they blew. The nail in the coffin was when they played their song that is on rotation at UOG called "Ice Cream." No matter where you are, there are bands and songs like this. You realize you hate their music, but their damn song gets stuck in your head, but you don't even want it there. I had that exact same problem with that "You Oughta Know" song. I heard it once, and I've been cursed ever since. Damn, the song's running thru my mind again. Dammit, why did I even bring it up?! Mariner 9 were from Pennsylvania and resembled alot of bands from the area like Edsel and the Lilys. Sort of intricate in parts, but most of the time it was just one big ball of noise. By the time they finished with their set, I had to get home for a call I was expecting at midnight regarding me going to SXSW. Well, I found out I wasn't going (dang!), but I did get a good six hours of sleep. That's all this growing boy needs these days. Missed Lost Man.

DQE/JAD FAIR AND PHONOCOMB 40 WATT, ATHENS 20MAR96

The weather in recent weeks has been unpredictable at best, so this night was no exception. It was windy, cold and wet and I had a dentist appointment the next day, so you know I must've really wanted to see this show. DQE were alright, I guess, but their recent shows have been a bit too folky for my taste. The only reason their not considered hip by the local indie kids is because they haven't appeared on a comp with Franklin Bruno or some such nonsense. Phonocomb is a few remaining members of Shadowy Men and were almost as engaging as their previous band. I say 'almost' because there was always this tongue-in-cheek humor to the Shadowy Men that I appreciated in the otherwise dull and stale surf/instro genre. Phonocomb are rather new, so maybe time will correct this. I had the pleasure of visiting with (what was formerly known as) Shadowy Don for a while and talking about whatnot. One final note, Jad Fair played with Phonocomb during half of their set with an unplugged guitar. As in, he'd be playing the guitar and nothing was heard. I wasn't going to be the one to break his fragile little bubble. Frankly, this was the first Jad Fair collaboration that I'd have to give the thumbs up to. This was due in large part to the fact that he wasn't too responsible for anything going on.

**BRANCH MANAGER/VIC
CHESTNUTT/FUGAZI
40 WATT, ATHENS
27MAR96**

I must confess that I didn't see any of Branch Manager due to the fact that I was outside the club gawking at all the funny haircuts. I went in to see Vic and I still don't get what he's doing. I know he gets alot of respect and whatnot, but it just escapes me personally. Just sorta acousticy, meandering, go-nowhere, sad folky type musings. Hey, if that's what floats yr boat, knock yourself out, toots. In the 20 minutes or so before Gafuzi hit the stage, there was a fine mix tape of some jungle/dub music that I guess they take with them on tour. And judging from their performance, there's definitely been an infusion of dub (or maybe just more improv) into their live sound. This is NOT the Fugazi of seven or eight years ago. They've definitely matured and don't give a hoot if anybody understands their new direction. Hell, I loved it except towards the end where it seemed to turn into a big noise jam, but the crowd was into it, so what do I know?

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